

# THE MONTH

*A Catholic Magazine and Review.*

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MARCH, 1895.

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### *Dr. Littledale's Theory of the Disappearance of the Papacy.*

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PROBABLY not a few on reading the title of this article, will be perplexed by it. Disappearance of the Papacy! they will say, Why surely the Papacy is still with us. The Pope is still one of the most palpable and potent figures on the world's stage, one towards whom goes out from the hearts of vast numbers a loyalty unsurpassed if paralleled on earth, one towards whom goes out also an antipathy perhaps equally without earthly parallel, one whom, whether they venerate him or hate him, all must take into account. How then can any man in his senses think that the Papacy has disappeared?

There is ground for this astonishment at Dr. Littledale's theory, and it may cause some to think the subject not worthy of serious attention. Still the theory of continuity is equally absurd in itself. Surely no position is more hopeless than the position which undertakes to prove that, before the Reformation, the Divine institution of the Papacy was not an article of faith in England. But, none the less, Catholic writers have found it necessary to deal with at length, and even with reference to minute details, this utterly hopeless anti-Catholic thesis; and so in like manner does it seem desirable to deal with Dr. Littledale's theory of the disappearance of the Papacy. For the aim of a Catholic writer in dealing with controversial subjects should be always apostolic. He should consider not so much what difficulties another ought to feel as what difficulties he does feel; and there can be no doubt that many Anglican minds are impressed by the speciousness of Dr. Littledale's reasoning. Hence a short examination of this extraordinary theory and of the arguments by which it is recommended may prove not uninteresting.

Let us allow Dr. Littledale to state his case in his own words. The book in which he enters into it most fully is his

*Petrine Claims*, where it is the subject-matter of some fifty pages.<sup>1</sup>

Let us assume for a moment [he tells us], though in the teeth of all Scripture and history, that the doctrine of the Petrine privilege is true, that St. Peter was given infallible and sovereign jurisdiction over the whole Church Catholic, that he was Pope of Rome, that he conveyed his privileges indefeasibly to the Popes who succeeded him, and that the successor of the Fisherman is the supreme ruler and teacher of Christians, the one Vicar of Christ on earth, whose single word is "the living voice of the Church;" infallible and paramount. Even so, something further is essential; the Pope who claims these august privileges must be Pope *de jure* as well as *de facto*. . . . It is an axiom of Latin theology and canon law, that unlawful possession of the Papacy confers no rights whatever, and that all acts done by one who is Pope *de facto* without being also Pope *de jure* are null and void.

So far there is no occasion to take exception to Dr. Littledale's premisses, nor need we object to the inference which immediately follows.

This nullity extends, of course, to the institution of all beneficiaries within the area of the quasi-Pope's domestic jurisdiction, and to the creation of Cardinals.

But then, continues our ingenious critic, see to what you are led. If a Pope should be invalidly elected and the Cardinals appointed by him be in consequence invalid also, it follows that a "false Pope may seriously affect the competency of the electoral body which will have to choose his successor." Not only may this happen, but, according to Dr. Littledale, it has happened, and that often. Many a time have Popes, destitute of any lawful title, held possession of the See of Rome, and during their tenure appointed Cardinals, who, being so appointed, could in their turn have no valid title to elect future Popes.

That this is the painful truth our critic then goes on to establish. And first he calls attention to the sources of nullity, by which, according to the express doctrine of the canonists, the *de facto* tenure of the Papacy may be affected. Six sources of nullity, he tells us, are beyond dispute. Those are not true Popes who have been intruded by external violence in spite of, or even without the concurrence of, the electors; or who have been elected by persons not qualified to elect; or who have been elected by votes simoniacally procured; or who at the time of election were affected by some personal ineligibility, such as

<sup>1</sup> P. 306.

bastardy, or heresy previous to election ; or who have lost a previously valid title either by subsequently falling into heresy, or by being guilty of non-residence. And in case these alleged sources of nullity in a claimant to the Papacy should not be far-reaching enough in their effects to satisfy the sweeping demands of his theory, Dr. Littledale takes note, that, according to an "accepted maxim of Latin theology," doubtful Popes are to be regarded as no Popes at all.

The conclusion he draws from this "accepted maxim," is that he is not bound to prove for certain that any portion of the two hundred and fifty Popes usually accounted such, were invalidly elected, but that he will have attained his end if only he can bring together a series of charges of intrusion, simony, &c., against a sufficiently imposing number of Popes ; for if there are charges, so he invites us to reason on the basis of the aforesaid maxim, there is a probability of their truth, and probability is enough to divest the persons charged of their claim to constitute links in the chain of succession. I trust I have made clear Dr. Littledale's contention, which we may now word compendiously thus : All doubtful Popes are to be taken as no Popes at all, and therefore as flaws in the succession ; and all Popes are to be taken as doubtful against whom any writer or writers have brought a charge of intrusion, simony, &c. This last proposition is not, indeed, explicitly stated by Dr. Littledale, but it is what he implies, and what underlies his arguments throughout.

Having thus laid down his principles, or rather, having thus laid down principles which he assures us are those of the Roman canon law, this writer proceeds to apply them to the records of Papal history. We shall have occasion in the course of our investigation to refer more in detail to these historical applications, but for the present it will be enough to summarize his results which he exhibits in a table at the end of *The Petrine Claims*. According to this table, out of the two hundred and nineteen Popes whose names are set down in the lists as having occupied the Chair of St. Peter previously to 1536, the date of the death of Clement VII., sixty-five must be eliminated as spurious—eight as having been heretics, fourteen as having been simoniacally appointed, twenty-three as having been intruded into the See by secular powers, four as having been irregularly elected, six as having been non-resident, ten as having been promoted by an

election of doubtful, and nine by an election of disputed, validity.<sup>1</sup> But why stop at 1536, we naturally inquire, and the answer is, that from that date Dr. Littledale conceives the succession to the Papacy to have lapsed altogether. Alexander VI. and Julius II. were simoniacally elected, and yet Julius II., by his Bull *Quum tam divino* (1503), "pronounces all simoniacal elections to the Papacy void, and incapable of being validated by any recognition accorded to the Pope as chosen, and Gammarus, Auditor of the Rota, in his commentary on the Bull, alleges it to be so worded as to be retrospective in effect, fully voiding all such former elections." Hence, since, after the death of Julius II. and still more after that of Clement VII., there was no longer a single Cardinal living whose appointment had proceeded from a valid Pope, there were none then living, and never again could be any living, qualified to elect a true Pope, and all subsequent Popes not having received the votes of qualified electors must be deemed spurious.

Here is Dr. Littledale's indictment, and perhaps some may think it effective. At the very least, some one may be inclined to say, "It places me under the necessity of a complicated historical inquiry, altogether beyond my powers; for until I have investigated all these historical cases, how can I know for certain that the Pope who now rules the Church is a true Pope, and how as a matter of necessary consequence, can I know that the Church which adheres to him is the true Church?"

But such fears are needless. We shall, indeed, take some useful dips into history, and with the result of understanding better how much our ingenious critic has run astray. Still for all practical purposes it is not necessary to dip into history at all. The principle just enunciated, that the Church which adheres to a false Pope can only be a false Church, so far from offering us increased motive for alarm, indicates the secure and easy path out of the maze prepared for us. It is true that a Church which adhered to a false Pope could not be a true Church, and why is this, save because the true Church cannot adhere to a false Pope? But if this is so, since we know on certain and quite independent grounds which is the true Church, we have only to ask ourselves in reference to any particular Pope—either the living Pope whom we are called upon to obey, or

<sup>1</sup> These numbers when added up make seventy-four. But against a few Popes double grounds of nullity are charged.

some past Pope in whom we are historically interested—whether the true Church adheres or adhered to him, or not, and then we can be sure at once, independently of all detailed historical investigations, whether the title by which he entered upon the See of Peter was valid or not. And so likewise if we find that the true Church has separated itself entirely from any claimant to the Papacy, we have at once in this easily obtained knowledge, the certainty that such a claimant had not a valid title to the See. The only cases to which the application of this principle is not helpful are those of Popes whose reigns were so short that the Church Universal had hardly time to give distinct signs of adherence or rejection, or those (likewise short-lived) of whose lives the extant records are too scanty to show clearly whether the Church regarded them as legitimate or as intruders. But these exceptions are few and unimportant. Of the vast majority of individual Popes, and still more of the line of Popes, reaching not merely up to the sixteenth century, but to our own days, it is absolutely clear that they received that loyal adherence and obedience from the Universal Church which Leo XIII. receives now, and which of itself is so sure a sign of the legitimacy of his title that we can even make it the matter of an act of faith that he is the true Vicar of Jesus Christ.

This is no mere theory, but the common doctrine of Catholic theologians, as will appear sufficiently from the following passage in Ferraris' *Bibliotheca*, a work of the highest authority. In his article on the Pope,<sup>1</sup> Ferraris says :

It is of faith that Benedict XIV. for instance, legitimately elected and accepted as such by the Church, is the true Pope—(common doctrine among Catholics). This is proved from the Council of Constance, *sess. ult.* where Martin V. Const. *Inter Cunctos*, decrees that those who return from heresy to the faith shall be asked, among other points, "Whether they believe that the Pope canonically elected, for the time being, his name being expressly mentioned, is the successor of St. Peter, having supreme authority in the Church of God." For thereby he supposes it to be an article of faith, since those who abjure heresy are "interrogated only as to truths of faith."

It will be said, "Yes, but he speaks only of a Pontiff canonically elected and as such accepted by the Church, and his authority cannot therefore be quoted for the case of one whose canonical election is called in question." This, however, is an

<sup>1</sup> S.v. *Papa*, p. 949.

objection which Ferraris himself anticipates, and he meets it thus :

Through the mere fact that the Church receives him as legitimately elected, *God reveals to us the legitimacy of his election*, since Christ has promised that his Church shall never err in a matter of faith, . . . whereas she would err in such matter of faith if the conclusion did not hold ; since the Church in acknowledging the elect to be the true Pope acknowledges him as an infallible rule of faith, while (if he were not really the true Pope) he would be fallible, &c.

The Church, then, cannot err in recognizing her Head. She can neither adhere to a spurious head, nor separate herself from the true Head. The grounds for this proposition have been indicated to us by Ferraris, but it may be useful to expand his account of them a little more fully. By the terms of the fundamental promises of our Lord to His Church she is guaranteed two prerogatives—indefectibility and immunity from error, together with the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit, overruling the movements of hearts and minds and the course of events, in order to secure for her the continuance of these two prerogatives. Now the Pontificate is an essential element in the Church's constitution. If, therefore, the Pontificate were to lapse, the Church would be sustaining a loss in her essentials and so reveal herself as not indefectible. And again, the Church is preserved from religious error by her reliance on the infallible voice of her Supreme Pastor. But if she could err by failing to discriminate between her true Head and a counterfeit, with the result of adhering to the latter, she would be hopelessly exposed to the risk of erring in religious doctrine through receiving it from wrong and unaided lips.

And here let us bear in mind that Dr. Littledale cannot say to us, "Yes, but all this implies that yours is the true Church—which is what I deny." He cannot say this, because he has granted this much for the sake of argument, undertaking *even on the assumption* of our Church being the true Church to show that the continuity and continuance of the Papal line cannot be held as genuine. Nor, as has been remarked, do we merely assume the truth of our Church. We prove it by solid, ample, and convincing arguments. Of course to deal with this proof in its generality would be out of place here. But it will not be out of place, since it will tend to render clearer the force of the principle, "He is the true Pope who is recognized by the true Church," if I indicate concisely the outlines of one line

of proof by which we establish the truth of the Church which looks to the See of Peter as its necessary centre of unity.

Cardinal Newman has written :

The Church authenticates herself to be the Church by her Notes. It is the great Note of an ever-enduring *cætus fidelium*, with a fixed organism and unity of jurisdiction, a political greatness, a continuity of existence, in all places and times, a suitableness to all classes, ranks, and callings, an ever-energizing life, an untiring, ever-evolving history, which is her evidence that she is the creation of God, and the representative and home of Christianity.<sup>1</sup>

This is in fact an argument from the Notes in which we profess belief when we recite the Nicene Creed—One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. As Notes they mark the living Church, being her unique and visible endowment, by the possession of which she is distinguished from all other claimants. Their value lies just in this, that, whilst we behold them and ponder upon them, we are led to the conviction that their realization in the Church which bears them is nothing less than a moral miracle, so impossible is it for human beings, so numerous and varied in their intellectual and other characteristics, unless aided by some overruling Divine power, to preserve themselves in unity so close, so widespread, so abiding, and so spiritual ; and being led to this conviction, we find ourselves in the possession of a convincing proof of the truth of the Catholic Church and of her claims, independent of, though powerfully aided by, the deeper study of history, past and present.

A line of reasoning like this, which is after all the primary line of reasoning by which we are all held in the Church, or brought to the Church, carries right down to the solid bed rock of self-evident principles the justification we have been advancing for our suggested mode of dealing with Dr. Littledale's historical and canonical cavils. But it is worth observing that, just as the Papacy is an essential element in the Catholic Church, so these notes which characterize the Church and mark her out as Divine, in their degree and measure attach also directly to the Papacy. I have imagined one reading the title of this article to say, "Disappearance of the Papacy! why it is one of the most palpable figures on the world's stage." And one who made that reflection would have in mind, not the bare fact that a well-known succession of ecclesiastics, called themselves, and

<sup>1</sup> *Essays Critical and Historical.* Note on Essay ix. p. 88.

were called by others, Popes of Rome, still continues in the world. Rather he would have in mind the quality of this fact, the continuance in this modern line of Popes of the special and striking features which have characterized the Papal line from the beginning; he would have in mind their bold claims to universal spiritual jurisdiction, combined with the astounding fact that so many drawn out of such diverse countries and races respond to the claim with a loyal and fervent obedience; he would have in mind how the effect of this response has been to preserve the numbers who make it in a unity of faith and communion so striking and so edifying, a unity the significance of which is rendered the more manifest by the conspicuous contrast which it offers to the continuous disintegration of all other religious bodies; he would have in mind the power displayed by the Papacy, modern as well as ancient, to fertilize the vast communion over which it presides with noble thoughts, heroic enterprises, and beneficial institutions; he would have in mind the vigour and tenacity of life which the Papacy still continues to exhibit, thereby offering a most perplexing problem to the non-Catholic who measures its material weakness against the political combinations, the mighty armies, the fierce and relentless hatreds, which are arrayed against it. It is with all this before his eyes that he will have exclaimed, "Disappearance of the Papacy! why there it is as much as it ever was," and he will have only shown his sound logic and his common sense, when, with this slightly impatient exclamation, he has brushed aside Dr. Littledale's cobwebs. Indeed to invite us whose eyes look on the living Papacy, to disbelieve in its existence on the faith of some doubtful historical reasoning about obscure occurrences long since past, is as if some one were to invite us who breathe English air and walk on English soil, to believe England to be a pre-historic country buried long centuries since beneath the ocean, just because this is the conclusion to which he has been led by some hazardous geological reasonings from what is known, or suspected, of the past state of our globe.

So far this article has had to be theological rather than historical, but now we can pass over to the field of historical inquiry. We have found secure grounds for our confidence that Dr. Littledale cannot have discovered a break or collapse in the line of Popes, and we may be sure, therefore, that he has followed some radically false line of reasoning if it has led him to an opposite conclusion. Still he tells us the principles

of our own canon law have guided him to his conclusion, and it will be interesting to see how it is that they have led him so far astray. We shall not indeed be able to deal fully with the many cases he brings forward; but we can deal with them sufficiently to enable us to judge how far he has a just claim to the designation of "canonist" which he always delighted to ascribe to himself.

It will be necessary to start with a very slight account of the changes through which the prescribed mode of electing a Pope have passed in the course of centuries. As our Lord did not Himself determine how vacancies in the Pontificate should be filled up, the certain inference is that He left the determination to the Church, and therefore to the Pope. For such a power was clearly necessary for the well-being of the Church, which would require progressive adaptation of the mode of appointment to the circumstances of the different periods, and if the power, being necessary, exists in the Church, it must reside in the person of the Pope. The Popes accordingly have not hesitated from time to time to employ it. In the earliest ages the right of election belonged to the clergy of the local Roman Church, the laity also having a recognized right to signify their approval. The object of this intervention of the laity was clearly to bespeak a more favourable reception of the new Pontiff from his immediate flock, but in course of time the practice led to serious evils. The laity could differ among themselves as well as agree, and could emphasize their divergencies of opinion by popular disturbances. It was also natural that nobles, officials, governors, &c., should claim to be the proper representatives of the people and should arrogate to themselves a right of very effective interference. It was natural too that the Roman Emperor, and later those who claimed a succession to his rights, should assume that this right along with others had passed over to them. There were times when this civil intervention in Papal elections was a great service, and it was in recognition of this that Leo III. (800) awarded to the Emperor Charlemagne the office of *advocatus ecclesiæ*, an office which authorized him to intervene for the sake of securing liberty of action to the electors. But too often what happened was that worldly-minded sovereigns converted the right of intervention into an instrument for forcing upon the Church Supreme Pastors not fitted for the high office. Hence it was that the Popes struggled so hard in the middle ages to relieve

themselves of the incubus, and here the name of Gregory VII. stands out as that of one who achieved a signal success in the work of liberation. Another change more directly affecting the mode of election was made by Nicholas II. (1059). Till then the relative importance of the votes of the clergy and of the approbation of the people had not been clearly determined, and many disputes arose out of this obscurity. Nicholas restricted the power of election to the Cardinal Bishops. To them the definitive voice henceforth belonged; the other Cardinals, the clergy, and the people, being left only the duty of signifying assent to the choice of the former. A century later (1178), Alexander III. enlarged a franchise which was found too narrow. It was he who first gave it equally to all the three orders of Cardinals, to the Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal Priests, and Cardinal Deacons; and he likewise prescribed that a majority consisting of two-thirds of the electors present should be decisive, whatever plea might be urged to the contrary (*absque ulla exceptione*). The effect of this last clause was to abolish all, or almost all, ineligibility from personal disqualifications. It is held that it allows the choice to fall even on a layman, or even on a married man—the object of this clause being to reduce as much as possible the occasions of dispute. Thus many points were decided, but it still remained open to the electors to make their choice in any way they pleased, by meeting together in council, by letters or proxies, or even by tacit assent to appointments imposed on the Church from without. In 1274, Gregory X. put an end to all this by prescribing that henceforth elections should be made in conclave. This was a most valuable measure. A conclave is a kind of retreat. It reduces largely the possibility of undue motives actuating the electors, by shutting them off from the influences of the outside world, and by reminding them forcibly of God's presence, at the solemn moment when they are to record their votes. It has also tended powerfully to stop the long delays which had sometimes characterized previous elections. Other changes of great wisdom and importance have been made since the days of Gregory X., but there is no need to describe them. What has been said is enough for our present purposes. It will give us the key to many of Dr. Littledale's fallacies, and it will show us how hard and how wisely the Popes have struggled to secure the election of their successors from miscarriage through sin and worldliness.

Now at last we can estimate the reasoning by which our amateur canonist has discovered so many flaws in the Papal Succession. Be it remembered that he has against us a black list of invalid Popes, including sixty-five of the names before 1536, and all the names subsequent to it.

1. And in the first place, what is to be said of his statement that the principle, *Papa dubius, Papa nullus*, is an accepted "maxim of Latin theology" and applicable to all cases in which modern writers may fancy themselves to detect an historical doubt in an ancient Papal election? We must answer that there are four distinct flaws in this portion of his reasoning.

(a) The principle of *Papa dubius est Papa nullus* is not a "maxim of Latin theology," but only the opinion of some Latin theologians, not even of the majority of them.

(b) The upholders of this principle never dreamt of understanding it, as Dr. Littledale has done, of mere literary doubts about the title of a Pope whom no one during his life resisted, nor did they mean it to be construed according to the strict sense of the words, but technically, as canonists, whose proficiency in their science has gone beyond Dr. Littledale's, would know. The case contemplated was that which arose through the so-called Great Schism in the Papacy during the fourteenth century, the case of two or more claimants to the Papacy existing, each supporting his claim by reasons of sufficient strength to defeat all attempts at solution by canonists or Councils. And the maxim, expressed, as legal maxims usually are, in epigrammatic form, meant not that any one was free to treat such claimants as spurious Popes, but that the doubt in their title availed to subject them to the authority of a General Council, and to empower *it* to set them aside altogether, if the interests of Catholic unity should require it.

(c) At Pisa, where soon after its invention it was proposed for the first and, with the exception of Constance, the only time, to give practical effect to this maxim by deposing the two existing claimants, Gregory XII. and Benedict XIII., the Council did not fully trust to the proposal, but preferred rather to impart to its act of deposition a declaratory form, and base it on an imputation against Gregory and Benedict of heresy and schism whereby they had already dethroned themselves.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Historical Papers*, No. XIII. *The Great Schism of the West*. London: Catholic Truth Society.

In like manner at Constance, where the schism was finally healed, it was not healed through any application of this maxim, but by the voluntary resignation of two claimants, and the general abandonment, by that time consummated, of the third, such abandonment, according to the principle we have already considered, being taken as a *sign* that Benedict could not be, or have ever been, a truly elected Pope.

(d) The maxim of *Papa dubius est Papa nullus* has the preponderance of evidence against it. The chief reason urged in its favour is that without it the Church might find herself without remedy, if the rival claimants to a disputed succession should persist in their refusal to resign. But the answer is, that God's special providence over His Church will see to this, as it did in the sole case of real difficulty which has arisen during these twenty centuries.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Littledale's strange and unscientific reading of this maxim being now set aside, the evidences of nullity which he has brought forward assume a different complexion. No mere statement of a few writers, even if contemporary, and no mere academic inferences from the principles of ecclesiastical jurisprudence, as our canonist conceives of them, are of any avail. He must furnish us with undeniable historical certainty in all the cases of invalidity on which he relies, or we are not obliged to listen to him. Now for the several causes of nullity.

2. Six Popes are charged with nullity because *non-resident*. They are the Popes who in the fourteenth century leaving Rome on account of the hindrance put in the way of their freedom of action by the Roman nobles, the Orsini, the Colonna, the Savelli, &c., took up their abode at Avignon, entrusting meanwhile the government of the Holy City to a Vicar.

This charge is almost too childish to receive a serious answer. Episcopal non-residence is in no case a fault involving *ipso facto* deposition; nor, if it were, could it have this effect in the case of a Pope who, as supreme lawgiver of the Church, is not bound by the penalties of disobedience which he himself inflicts on others; nor is it possible for a Pope to be non-resident, the entire world forming the sphere of his immediate care and jurisdiction; nor again is non-residence even a moral

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Ballerini, *De Pot. Eccles.* c. ix.

fault when it is, or seems to be, required in the interests of the freedom of ecclesiastical government.

We will, therefore, be so bold as to take the six Avignon Popes off Dr. Littledale's black list of sixty-five.

3. Next we find ten Popes set down as spurious on the score of *doubtful election*. Of these, eight are made up out of the Popes during the aforesaid Great Schism, four Roman Popes, two Avignon Popes, and two Pisan Popes. This perhaps is hardly a fair way of making up a list, as the three lines were alternative. Still we can afford to be generous. As I have dealt with this subject in the tract already referred to, there is no need to enter into it here further than to say, that this was a doubt seen to at the time and sufficiently provided for. One thing is at least certain, that the validity of subsequent Popes was not affected by this state of temporary uncertainty, since at Constance they were careful so to arrange the settlement that every possibility of defect in the title of Martin V. should be demonstrably eliminated. Dr. Littledale, indeed, becoming ultra ultramontane for the moment, sets down Martin V. as "irregularly elected," namely, because the electoral body was not left to the Cardinals alone, but to these with certain Bishops, &c., added to their number. But as long as the Cardinals accepted the arrangement, which they did, no invalidity could arise from this source; and besides, they all agreed that the choice of each section should fall on the same person, which it did.

The other two Popes set down as doubtfully elected, are Formosus and Boniface VIII.: Formosus, because he was objected to as already tied to another see, that of Porto; Boniface VIII., because the power of his predecessor to resign the Papacy was disputed. But previous and subsequent usage in the Church have fully dispelled any doubts which might have been entertained by certain canonists on these two points. A Pope has the same right to resign, if the general interests of the Church seem to him to demand the act, as he has under similar circumstances to sanction the resignation of another Bishop, and as much is to be said of translations to the Papacy from another see. Thus we may take ten more names off our canonist's list.

4. Next come nine cases of *disputed election*. Of these, one is that of the so-called Leo VIII., who was a clear intruder, and has always been regarded as such. He was appointed during the lifetime of the lawful Pope and in spite of him. The other

eight are Popes against whom some rival claimant was started. Even apart from the theological certainty we have that the Church cannot adhere to a spurious Pontiff and reject the true, it is only rational to prefer the judgment of the contemporary Church to that of some modern writer attempting to decide between the obscure, scanty, and contradictory accounts which have been preserved to us. At the same time, in most cases we can ourselves see how the decision of the contemporary Church was on the side of truth, as in the case of St. Damasus, St. Boniface I., and Innocent II.

We can, therefore, take off the black list nine more names.

5. On the score of *intrusions* our canonist condemns twenty-three otherwise recognized Popes.

All save three of the cases he sets down as such are those of Popes of the ninth and tenth centuries, Popes of the iron age, as they have not inappropriately been termed. They form the most imposing feature in Dr. Littledale's list, because, so many of them occurring together, the suggestion is that for nearly a century, that is from 891 to 963, and again from 1012 to 1046, the Holy See was filled only by occupants who, as intruders, must have been without the prerogatives attaching to the Primacy.

(a) But it is clear Dr. Littledale, canonist though he is supposed to be, does not understand what is meant by an intruded Pope. And yet Baronius, whose authority he unjustifiably invokes for his statement about these tenth century Popes, should have taught him his error in one of the very passages to which appeal is made.

Now follows the year of our Lord, 897, of the fifteenth Indiction, in which Boniface (VI.), invading the See (of Rome), held it for fifteen days, a man whom we must not number among the Pontiffs, since he was condemned in the Roman Synod under John IX., as will be said in the proper place. He was a man of evil life who had been twice degraded, once from the diaconate, another time from his priesthood. Stephen VII. (VI.) was substituted in his place, Boniface the intruder being thus driven out by another intruder. All these deeds being wrought by force and terrorism, brought disgrace on the Roman Church. But although some of these, like this Boniface, were altogether rejected, others were afterwards received as Pontiffs. The reason of this was because, however much they owed their original occupation of the See to tyrannical violence, they were afterwards by fresh elections duly held elected as legitimate Pontiffs by the clergy, who deemed it better to tolerate them just as they were than to permit the Church to be

torn by schism. This observation we are compelled to make because the Universal Catholic Church has venerated them and obeyed them as true Pontiffs, has recognized them as Vicars of Christ and successors of St. Peter, and has shown them the reverence due to genuine Pontiffs; a thing which would never have been done had there not been evidence of a subsequent legitimate election.

Possibly Baronius is too sanguine in assuming that the intrusion was ordinarily revalidated by a formal ceremony of election duly conducted, and indeed elsewhere he says that often this could not have been. But even if there were no formal ceremony, Baronius's principle would still apply. A tacit acceptance of the intrusion by the electors as distinguished from a persistent refusal to tolerate it, would have sufficed to rectify the original nullity of the title. In after-days, indeed, such a tacit acceptance would not have sufficed, because subsequent Papal legislation made election in Conclave with observance of special forms a condition of validity. But there was no such law in force in the tenth century, and had it been then in force, probably those with whom the power of election lay would have acted otherwise. There is thus, then, not much difficulty on this score, nor is Baronius wrong when he maintains that to ratify the title of these intruders may have been the most prudent course from the point of view of the interests of the Church. In our own days we see and understand a similar course followed by the rulers of the Church in dealing with the rulers of the world. Take, for instance, appointments to the French episcopate, where the Pope tolerates and accepts the nomination of a distinctly anti-Christian Government. He does it to avoid worse evils which might follow on refusal, and he does it in the knowledge that by a little prudent administration he can so work the system as to secure on the whole good and even excellent Bishops.

Such a reference to modern times may help us to realize the position of the electors to the Papacy in the tenth century. The state of civil society at the time was almost inconceivably distracted. There were German and Italian Princes claiming the Imperial dignity, each in turn obtaining the upper hand, and whilst these contended among themselves, minor chieftains in the near neighbourhood of Rome were in similar manner fighting for the mastery. Thus "the Nationalists ruled there (at Rome) from 896 to 904; the Tuscan faction from 904 to 964; the German from 964 to 973; the Crescentian from 1003 to 1012;

and the Tusculan from 1012 to 1046."<sup>1</sup> Each faction as it came to prevail in the Holy City endeavoured to force its nominees on the Roman clergy. It was a distressing condition of things, but on the whole we can see why the electors were justified in conferring a valid title on the intruders, and indeed we know in some instances, and may conjecture as to others, that the infringement of liberty was in the form of recommendation with threats in reserve, not of forcible intrusion without involving the intervention of the electors. For questionable as was their mode of entrance into the See, and difficult as it is to separate the true from the false in the writers of the period, the balance of probabilities goes to show that most of these Popes were by no means bad men. John XII. and Benedict IX. do seem to have been thoroughly wicked; and Stephen VI. must have been not far removed from a barbarian; but these are almost the only Popes of the period against whom the charge of wickedness is conclusively proved. Luitprand, Bishop of Cremona, we know brings very serious charges against Sergius III. and John X., which Baronius has accepted on his authority. But even if, with Father de Smet, we think Luitprand has been unfairly set down as a mere slanderer of his political adversaries, we must allow, as Father de Smet also does, that he (Luitprand) is often too credulous of events of which he had no personal experience, and must conclude, again with Father de Smet, that there are no sufficient grounds for believing the charges against Sergius III. and John X. to be either certainly or even probably true. We must not, however, digress too much. Our business is not with the morals of the tenth century Popes, but with their *status* as Popes. We are asked how far they were genuine or spurious. It is impossible now to go into details over so complicated a point, and it would be most unsafe to commit oneself definitively to any certain conclusions about so perplexing a period. But I submit that I have shown cause for putting out of court Dr. Littledale's unquestionably ill-considered statements on the other side. His duty was to make it *certain* that all these Popes were intruders. He has not even made it probable that they were intruders, in the sense of being intruders resisted to the end by the proper electors. As, then,

<sup>1</sup> *Manual of Church History*. By the Rev. T. Gilmartin, vol. i. p. 471. This useful little manual deserves mention as very suitable for the bookshelves of those interested in Church history.

his few other outlying cases of alleged intrusion not belonging to the tenth century series, yield to the application of precisely the same principles; we need not hesitate to take twenty-three more names off our canonist's black list.

6. Next we come to the eight cases of alleged invalidity through *heresy*. The question, it should be observed, is not of heresy publicly taught, but of heresy privately held—which is, according to Dr. Littledale, and to a certain extent correctly, a disqualifying circumstance in a candidate for the Papacy. Two questions here arise—how far is it true that personal heresy in the individual Pope is a source of nullity, and what is the nature of the heresy which has this nullifying effect.

In regard to the first, we must distinguish *actual* heresy arising in one who is already Pope, and *past* heresy in a candidate for the Papacy. As regards *present* heresy it has been generally held that, given the possibility of a personally heretical Pope, he would *ipso facto* cease to be Pope by ceasing to be a member of the Church. The Church in that case, as represented by the Cardinals or otherwise, could on due information of the fact pass a declaratory sentence on one who being no longer Pope was no longer its superior, and then take measures to remove him from the See in which he had become an intruder. This doctrine, however, has, except in a single and doubtful instance, been always of an academic character, there never having been occasion to use it. The one exception has been already mentioned. It was when the Council of Pisa thought of utilizing this opinion in order to heal the Great Schism, by imputing constructive heresy to claimants who would not consult the interests of unity by resigning. In regard to *past* heresy as a disqualification in a candidate for the Papacy, we need only say that it did not exist as such until 1559, when Paul IV. issued his Bull *Cum ex apostolatus officio*, a Bull in which the possibility of such a candidature for the Papacy is contemplated only inclusively with similar possibilities in regard to other sees, offices, and dignities, civil as well as ecclesiastical, throughout the world. A Bull of that date can have no concern for us in this article. Certainly *since* then no suspicion of heresy in a Pope can be suggested. I know Dr. Littledale claims that the form of the Bull is retrospective, but that only shows his incompetency to deal with a legal document.

Now as to the other question, the question what is the

nature of the heresy which thus disqualifies. Here it is necessary first to understand what the canonists mean by heresy, a piece of legal knowledge which our canonist does not seem to possess, but which another canonist shall tell us. Pichler writes as follows, "Heresy is the *voluntary* error against some truth of the Catholic faith held by a baptized person. In order that it may be *formal* (the kind we are concerned with), not material, there must be (1) *error* or erroneous judgment in the *intellect* about some truth of *faith*, (2) *obstinacy* in the will, whereby the person embraces this error about a truth of faith even after it has been sufficiently proposed to him and when he knows that the Universal Church defends it as revealed in Scripture or defined by the Church as an article of faith; and whereby the heretic prefers his own judgment to that of the Universal Church, the column of truth," &c.

Here are two conditions, the second, that of deliberateness in sinning against the light, being most essential. Before Dr. Littledale claimed to write down any of the Popes as heretics he must have brought home to them this second condition as well as the first. As a matter of fact he does not succeed in bringing home even the first. The cases he mentions are, save two, most trivial. John XXII. was charged with holding an opinion which at that time was not defined, and if he held it at all, held it with the usual reservations of submissiveness to the Church's teaching. Hormisdas, in a letter, discouraged the use of a phrase (*Unus de Trinitate passus est*), which is in itself orthodox, but was capable of being misused and was apparently intended to be misused. Zosimus, when two heretics, Pelagius and Celestius, publicly renounced their heresy before him and begged to be received back into communion, believed too credulously that they were speaking sincerely. Callistus I. was accused of an heretical opinion by a man who was his bitter opponent and perhaps an Antipope, and who is himself revealed by his own writings to be unorthodox; whilst either Victor or Zephyrinus is said by Dr. Littledale, but incorrectly, to have been accused by Tertullian, when himself a heretic, of Patripassianism. These two last cases remind us of a certain Dr. Nicholson who some years back, in some public letters, demonstrated that Cardinal Manning was a heretic, and held Nestorian views on the Person of our Lord. This Anglican Doctor of Divinity completely satisfied himself as to the truth of his charge, but does not seem to have satisfied Catholics, who rather gathered that he was a Nestorian himself.

Presumably the Catholics of the third century thought as much of Tertullian and the author of the *Philosophumena*. The remaining cases are those of Felix II., who was probably an Antipope and cannot count, and the two famous cases of Liberius and Honorius. Of these it will be enough to say that even if the charges against them were made good to their full extent, they would still fall short of the two conditions which, as we have seen, constitute formal heresy. Liberius is charged with having signed an heretical formula under constraint of fear and against his belief. That would be a sin against faith, but not a sin of heresy. Honorius is charged with having encouraged Sergius in his Monothelitism by writing a letter capable of bearing, though not clearly intended to bear, an heretical sense, and again with having neglected to condemn him. Neither would these acts, if fully substantiated, although blameable, be heretical in the sense expounded to us by Pichler. But in fact both Honorius and Liberius can be sufficiently defended. Indeed, nothing but anti-Catholic prejudice continues to stay the acknowledgment that Liberius was throughout a strenuous and consistent champion of the faith, a Pope of whom Rome can afford to be proud.

Eight more names, then, must come off the black list.

7. Now we come to the cases of *simony*, the last with which we shall need to deal. Under this head Dr. Littledale sets fourteen cases, that is, in his list of spurious Popes previous to Clement VII., but it is also, as we must recollect, on the score of simony that he sets aside as invalid all Popes after Clement VII. with the quiet statement, "No valid election has been possible since;" namely, on the plea that from that time, owing to the simoniacal elections of Alexander VI., Julius II., and Clement VII., there were no longer Cardinals valid and competent to elect a valid Pope. We have already seen how on theological grounds this theory breaks down, and we are now concerned only with our canonist's legal and historical reasoning.

As in the case of heresy, we must consider what is simony, and how far it is a disqualifying cause?

Simony, in the primary sense, is an agreement to barter spiritual things for temporal, such as money. As such it is forbidden by the Divine law on account of the outrage offered to things spiritual by the implication that things temporal can be their equivalents in value. Ecclesiastical law goes beyond Divine law, and forbids certain transactions which, though they

do not actually involve a barter of spirituals for temporals, nevertheless involve serious disrespect, and threaten serious harm, to spiritual things. Particularly under this head is forbidden the promise or bestowal of benefices in return for the promise of other benefices or spiritual favours. A benefice, be it noted, is something spiritual, and so, as there is something spiritual on both sides, there is no simony against the natural law, but only against the positive law. I may mention also, although we need not further concern ourselves about this, that if we wish to interpret rightly any disabling or penalizing law against simony, we must notice whether it is referred to in its complete stage only, that is, when the exchange has actually taken place on both sides, or even whilst it is in the previous imperfect stage.

Turning now to the second question, how far simony disqualifies in the sense of invalidating a Papal election, we had better go at once to the Bull *Quum tam divino* of Julius II., the Bull in which Dr. Littledale finds his most decisive argument. Julius II. came to the throne in 1503, being the immediate successor of the notorious Alexander VI. In 1505 he published the Bull in question, which is a most strenuous effort to exclude simony from the electoral process. It declares every Papal election to be null and void in which any of the votes have been given through the motive of simony, "by giving, promising, or receiving money, goods of every kind, castles, offices, or benefices," &c., and this even though the election should be unanimous; and he enjoins that "any such simoniacal election shall never afterwards be revalidated either by the subsequent enthronization of the person in question, or the lapse of time, or even the adoration (*i.e.* veneration) or obedience of all the Cardinals." Nor does it permit the same person to be re-elected, but on the contrary deprives him *ipso facto* (without any declaration) of all his present dignities, offices, &c., together with perpetual inability for any subsequent promotion. It then proceeds to empower the Cardinals, the clergy, and people of Rome, the (temporal) subjects of the Pope, the Roman Prefects, &c., to take action for the removal of the intruder.

Here is the Bull, and we must remember the use Dr. Littledale makes of it. In order to prove that the succession of valid Cardinals failed about this time, he seeks to avail himself of the charge of simony against the elections of Innocent VIII., Alexander VI., and Julius II., because after the death of Julius there were no Cardinals living of older

creation than Innocent, or even than Alexander. Hence he has managed to convince himself that this Bull, *Quum tam divino*, is so worded as to be retrospective in its effects. He cites Gammarus (*i.e.*, Gambarà, I suppose) as in his commentary on the Bull showing this to be the case. He does not give any reference to Gambarà, and I have not been able to find the statement in the only treatise of this author of which I know. It is not, however, likely that Gambarà anywhere really made a statement so utterly absurd. There is nothing whatever about the wording of the Bull to convey such a sense, and even Dr. Littledale, since he believes (though wrongly) Julius as well as his two predecessors to have been simoniacally elected, should have hesitated to charge the aspersed Pope with the folly of cutting off the branch on which he sat. I am thankful, however, to Dr. Littledale for sending me on a search through the treatise of Gambarà, as it has supplied me with a reference we shall presently find most useful. Meanwhile we must lament that our canonist did not consult the treatise of Cardinal Jaccovaccio (1533),<sup>1</sup> who argues most conclusively, reciting the opinion of others in confirmation of his own, that simony was not previously to the Bull of Julius an invalidating defect, at all events, when the election had been followed by enthronization. He argues from the Bull of Alexander III. that when a majority of two-thirds, always necessary, has been secured, no exception or opposition to the election can be taken on any ground whatever. I may add that Jaccovaccio had in view the Bull of Julius II., and mentions it as having changed the state of the question. We may therefore disregard altogether for present purposes, though without conceding, the charges of simony against the elections of Innocent, Alexander, Julius, or any of their predecessors, thereby delivering ourselves at last of the entire contents of Dr. Littledale's terrible black list.

But what about the Popes subsequent to the Bull of Julius? Dr. Littledale only sets down one, namely, Clement VII., the Pope who, despite his timidity of character, stood out so bravely against Henry VIII. Let us for the moment, and for the sake of argument, admit this to be a true charge, that we may consider the application of the Bull to such a case. Of course it would have invalidated the election in the first instance, but can we say that the original defect was healed by the subsequent acceptance of the Church? We have at least good

<sup>1</sup> *De Concilio*, lib. iv. art. 4.

canonical authority for assenting to this view. Schmalzgrueber writes :

When the election of the Cardinals has been invalid, it cannot confer any title upon the elect. Hence the acceptance of the Universal Church must be awaited, which if it supervenes will heal the effect of an invalid election . . . provided the disqualification is one of positive law (such as the disqualification of simony would be).<sup>1</sup>

Nor is Schmalzgrueber's authority to be set aside for the trifling reason which is all that Dr. Littledale can bring against it. He points to the phrase in the Bull *Quum tam divino*, which says that a simoniacal election shall not be revalidated by any lapse of time (as involving prescription). All that such an argument on the part of our canonist proves is the insufficiency of his knowledge of canon law. One rule of legal interpretation is that the language of a law is to be taken in its proper and usual sense, *unless any absurd or unjust consequence* should follow from so taking it, and should render the law itself altogether useless. Dr. Littledale's proposed interpretation of the words, "shall not be revalidated by any lapse of time," sins against this rule. His very contention is that the effect of the law is to create an *impasse*, and so deprive the Church of an essential element in her constitution. For this reason alone his proposed interpretation stands condemned ; and, in fact, it is clear from the Bull that the object of the phrase is to give elbow room to the Cardinals who may have to take action against the intruder. It is to meet the case of a simoniacal intruder, who might well say, "You have let some weeks or more pass without taking action, and now it is too late." Whereas, on the other hand, in dealing with a matter of such delicacy and difficulty, the Cardinals would need to delay action for a while.

So much has been said on the supposition that there has been, even after the Bull of Julius, a simoniacal election to the Papacy, but we must deny that that ever has been, and this on the following grounds :

(a) The charge against Clement VII. rests only on the authority of Guicciardini, an Italian historical writer of the period—if indeed Guicciardini says as much, which is doubtful—and Guicciardini's authority in such matters is none of the best. One naturally asks oneself too whence Guicciardini could have got his information. His statement is that at the Conclave the Cardinal Colonna went spontaneously to Cardinal de Medici

<sup>1</sup> Tom. i. p. 376.

(i.e., Clement) and offered to help him: that after that de Medici, by an extremely secret document, promised him the office of Camerlengo. Did Clement himself or did Colonna mention this to an outsider at the risk of being made to feel the consequence of the Bull *Quum tam divino*, or if it is said that the paper got discovered, how could two clever men run the useless risk of so compromising a written paper? Is it not more likely that the story originated in the gossip of the Conclavists? Of these, Lucius Lector, a quite recent writer on Conclaves, tells us that

Their notes (though often indiscreetly used by the historians of Conclaves) are very useful to fix dates, reveal names, furnish episodes and anecdotes, but they too often fail to catch the more serious side of things, that is to say, the more fundamental and interior reasons of what is going on. These good abbés are very attentive to the incidents and, if the term may be pardoned, to the gossip which goes on in the offices and the lobbies, but are usually much wanting in political appreciation. They do not take comprehensive views of things, and are too apt to think that great effects spring from tiny causes.<sup>1</sup>

Since it is most probable that Guicciardini's source of information was of this kind, if so good, we may surely decline to be moved by his testimony, the more so as Gambara (the writer to whom Dr. Littledale has so kindly referred me) says expressly :

(The Bull) of Julius II., *Quum tam divino*, treats . . . of the election of the Roman Pontiff with great foresight, and provides excellent remedies to prevent simony being committed at the election of Roman Pontiffs, for any alteration of the constitution is forbidden even to the Cardinals during the vacancy of the See. It is a constitution most holy, and one which cannot be over-praised, and may it ever be observed. It was the cause of the promotion to the Pontifical dignity of His present Holiness (Clement VII.), who never put trust in treasures of gold.<sup>2</sup>

Since Gambara was then Auditor of the Apostolic Palace and Papal Vicar, his testimony is of value, and, after all, Clement is a man of whose personal character we know something from his dealings with Henry VIII., and these all show (however it may have been denied) that he was a truly conscientious man. Why, then, if simoniacally elected, did he not resign, at least at some time or other ?

<sup>1</sup> *Le Conclave*, p. 407.

<sup>2</sup> *De Auct. Legati de Latere*, lib. ii. nn. 424—427.

A further and still more weighty reason for disbelieving that since the Bull *Quum tam divino* was issued there has been any real instance of a simoniacal election, whether of Clement or any other, is because it is quite inconceivable that with so many Cardinals and others whose duty it would have been in such a crisis to take action for the deliverance of the Church from a spurious Pope, not one should have responded to the evident obligation. Some Cardinals, let us grant, may have been so wicked as to have condoned and concealed the simony, but it is rather a large order to require us to believe that at any Papal election during this recent period there was not present a single Cardinal conscientious enough to rise to the responsibilities of his position.

But the chief reason for confidence that, since the Bull *Quum tam divino*, there has never been another simoniacal Papal election, is drawn from the theological principle with which we started, the principle that the special Providence (or *Assistentia*) which watches over the Church will not allow it to adhere to a spurious Pontiff; and it is probably truer to say, as well as more commonly held by theologians, that if, on a doubt arising as to the validity of an election, the acceptance by the Universal Church is to be awaited, it is awaited, not as *ratifying* a title which was till then invalid, but as a sure *sign* that the hitherto doubtful title was all along valid.

We might end here, for very little, I venture to think, of Dr. Littledale's formidable indictment is left standing. Still, he has his reply to the principle on which I have insisted so much, which let him give in his own words.

The only plea which can be set up in defence of the Ultramontane theory is that of begging the whole question, and saying: "As it is certain that St. Peter did receive the privileges of Infallibility and Sovereign Jurisdiction over the whole Church, and that he conveyed and transmitted them indefeasibly to the Popes of Rome, who are his successors, it is necessary to believe as matters of faith, in despite of any seemingly adverse testimony, that God took care that the gates of Hell should never prevail against His Church, and that the succession on which all true jurisdiction depends has been preserved unimpaired amidst all troubles and dangers which have beset it."

This, of course, does not meet the difficulty at all, and the truer way of regarding the question is to say: "If God have indeed attached such inestimable privileges to the Papal Chair, and if, as all theologians and canonists agree, the occupant of that chair must be validly elected in order to exercise them, then we shall find on inquiry that the line

has been regular and undisputed from the first ; that no doubt, and, above all, no invalidity, attaches to any one of those reckoned in the succession. And the superabundant proof that such is not the case, that actually no See in the whole world has so many flaws of the gravest kind in its pedigree, none has ever sunk morally so low and so often in the person of its Pontiffs, is the final disproof of the Petrine claims, as a mere human legend, destitute of any Scriptural, legal, or historical basis."<sup>1</sup>

And elsewhere he says "the (local) Church of Rome is the typical home of schism."

That there is no begging of the question in the line of reasoning we have followed, has been shown sufficiently in the earlier part of this article. We do not assume, but prove, by solid and invincible arguments, that the Supremacy was instituted for the Church and destined to continue in her to the end ; and this proof having been solidly established, we are clearly entitled to deduce from it the further consequences to which it points.

What, however, are we to say of Dr. Littledale's suggested inversion of our argument—that if the Papacy had been a Divine institution, there would have been no disputes, or scandals, or flaws, in the Papal Succession, but that it would have passed down the ages, those turbulent ages, in an ever tranquil and undisturbed course? We must say to this suggestion that it is precisely analogous to that which is so often advanced to prove that there is no God. "If God's providence watched over the Papacy," says Dr. Littledale, "it would not allow these scandals to disturb the preservation of the Papal line." "If God's providence ruled this world," says the atheist, "it would not allow human liberty to introduce so many and such terrible scandals, causing the loss of so many souls." In both cases the answer must be, that it is not for us to prescribe to the providence of God how much of the evil exercise of free-will it shall tolerate, how much stay. If we watch we shall detect ample signs of God's action in the world, and if there are other aspects which to our short-sightedness escape its purview, we must be content to believe that God has wise grounds for permitting them. In like manner we must reason of the Papacy. Twenty-five years ago our narrow-minded prudence was apt to think it impossible that God should permit the Pope to be deprived of the free government

<sup>1</sup> *Petrine Claims*, p. 339.

of his own city. Now we know that it is possible, and that out of the very depths of the seeming impossibility, God can guide the Papacy to the grandest illustrations of its Divine character.

And so, too, must we judge of the past. Dr. Littledale has dared to speak of that august line of Pontiffs as if it were chiefly characterized by its moral vileness. "No see in the whole world . . . ever sunk morally so low and so often in the person of its Pontiffs." This certainly is not the general verdict on the line as a whole, a line which, on the contrary, is recognized as surpassing immensely all other successions, whether of Bishops or Princes. We have seen, too, that it is grossly exaggerated even as regards that series of Pontiffs against whom most has been charged. And when told that the Papacy has been the "typical home of schism," we may remember that the schisms have been, without a single real exception, not in the Papacy but against it, and, remembering this, we may request Dr. Littledale to change his simile for one more familiar, and say rather that the Papacy has shown itself to be the typical rock against which the storms of sin and of worldliness have ever directed their chief assaults. After all, when we read of the material force arrayed against the Papacy in the interests of worldliness so often and so persistently, and of its demands carried to such lengths, we should wonder not so much that it succeeded in placing on the throne of St. Peter an occasional unworthy occupant, or involving some Papal elections in discreditable scandals, but we must rather wonder that no worse results followed, such as the propounding of false doctrines, or a general corruption of the Church's life. We must wonder, also, that so marvellous a power of recovery has invariably manifested itself, drawing needed regeneration out of the very depths of the scandals. Our wonder, too, should be at the accurate correspondence between the fulfilment and foreshadowing. For when our Lord sat in the barque of Peter to prefigure His future providence over Peter's See, we do not read that the ship was floating in calm waters, but we read that there was a great tempest, great enough to make stout hearts quake, and faithful hearts fail, and that He seemed meanwhile to sleep a sleep of weakness; and yet that there was no ground for faith to fear.

### *Converted by History.*

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FATHER STEVENSON'S interesting life and character admit of being studied from many points of view. Our present purpose is to consider briefly the long career which led up to his conversion when on the verge of old age. Before doing so, we may premise the briefest possible estimate of the man, and of his work, for attractive as he was, his deep retirement never allowed him to be known to many, and his numerous books were too learned to be discussed by the public.

His most obvious characteristic as a literary man was his enormous industry. He wrote and published over fifty volumes, most of them very large, all really learned. His articles, reports to Government, and miscellaneous papers, are of course more numerous still, and he has left behind him a huge store of yet unused historical materials, transcribed by his own hand. Nevertheless, the years wherein writing was the first of his duties, constitute but a small portion of his life. Next we notice the unrivalled opportunities he enjoyed for the study of the sources of our history. He had been engaged on the cataloguing of the manuscripts at the British Museum, the Tower, the Record Office, and in the Treasury of Durham. He had been sent by the Government to prosecute inquiries in the Archives of Paris, and of Rome, and in one capacity or another he had visited most of the private and almost all the public repositories of manuscripts in this country.

The result of that industry and those opportunities was that he had an extraordinarily wide knowledge of the sources of our history. It is probable that in this respect we could not now find his equal, and it is quite possible from the direction which modern scholarship is taking that we never shall. The tendency of the students of our day is towards specialization, while the circumstances of Father Stevenson's life did not allow him to confine his attention to any one part of our history. This, of course, has its compensating disadvantage, for we cannot claim

for him first-rate authority on any particular period, except on that of Mary Stuart, as to which his knowledge was, if such a thing be possible, exhaustive.

Coming now to his character as an individual we find it not less noteworthy and even more attractive. He was singularly amiable. A remarkable courtesy of manner, dignified by old-fashioned grace and stateliness, was the pleasing cloak under which he would veil acts of charity, which sometimes even transcended the limits he really ought to have put upon them. So much so, indeed, that when he was a Jesuit, his Superiors had to come to his assistance and provide him with letters to show that his own work was of such value, that he would be more than justified in refusing to give to others his time and labour, and told him to plead their instructions whenever he wanted an excuse for refusing his aid to an importunate inquirer.

Again, it may be truly said that he was the youngest old man imaginable. His elasticity of body and mind, though we do not say that it remained unaffected, was certainly wonderfully well preserved. His conversation was fresh, his mind alert and bent on progress, his labour unintermittent. He was wonderfully direct and disinterested, in the best sense of the words simple as a child, and took the greatest pleasure in children's company and conversation.

Contenting ourselves with noting these few features in a character, to study which was always a pleasure, we may proceed to consider the two principal actions, round which his life may be said to centre. These were his conversion to the Catholic Faith, and his entrance into the Society of Jesus. Which was the more remarkable, all things considered, I will not presume to say. It certainly is a most unusual thing that a septuagenarian should enter the Novitiate of so strict an Order as the Society of Jesus, and share with young men just out of their teens labours and trials which are wisely and deliberately graduated to test and train the powers and endurance of those who are in the flower of their health and strength. It is a more unusual thing still that the septuagenarian should pass successfully through the trial, and adapt himself at such an age to a new environment, new customs, a new form of life. Of this more hereafter. Our present purpose is to speak of the long years he spent in the study of Catholic times, and in investigating the Reformation at its source and fountain-head,

and of the result which came from the consideration of such an antithesis. We shall end our story by indicating some of the temporal difficulties which had to be faced when the change of religion was made.

*Register of births, 1806.*—JOSEPH STEVENSON, born 27 November, baptized December 17. First son of Robert Stevenson, surgeon, native of this parish, by his wife, Elizabeth Wilson, native of this parish.

The above is a true extract from this Parish Register, as witness my hand, JOS. BAINES, vicar, Berwick-upon-Tweed, 5 July, 1834.

Such is the register of the baptism of Father Stevenson.

Of his family I will only say that his paternal grandfather had been a captain in the Royal Navy, and that his mother, the daughter of a local banker, lived to the ripe age of ninety-six. His father met an honourable death when Joseph was eleven years of age. Two tramps had been found dying of typhus fever, Mr. Stevenson attended them, took the infection, and died, leaving his family but badly provided for. His mother, after the failure of her father's bank, was under the impression that they were worse off than was really the case, for in her ignorance of business ways she had overlooked the existence of a considerable sum, which was lying by and was ultimately recovered. The result, however, was that little Joseph was brought up to live very thriftily and frugally. This many of his friends must have known, for he made no secret of the satisfaction with which he looked back upon it.

His first school-days were passed at Wootton-le-Wear, and thence he was removed to Durham, where he passed under the charge of a man, who, though in many respects an indifferent schoolmaster, was yet the very man needed to develop those qualities in the boy which were most valuable to him in after-life. As a classical master the Rev. James Raine was not a success, for he taught his scholar little, and birched him much according to the fashion of the times. A boy with the talents which young Joseph possessed ought not to have been, as in fact he generally was, near the bottom of his class. This was an unenviable position, for it brought the boy all too near the schoolmaster's desk, whence the extended arm of the preceptor would frequently emphasize his lessons by cuffs and pinches, which Father Stevenson long remembered.

But if Raine, a self-made man, and more of a disciplinarian than a scholar, did not teach his charge much Greek and Latin,

he taught him something else that was to prove of even greater value. He was a bit of an antiquarian, and eventually became Librarian to the Chapter, and all the information in connection with books and history which he might let fall in the course of his teaching, was caught up with avidity by the pupil, who soon took to wandering about the Cathedral, listening to the music and dreaming about St. Cuthbert, when he should have been applying himself to the study of his grammar and classic authors.

Besides his recollections about Mr. Raine, Father Stevenson had other and more pleasing memories of his boyhood. He could, for instance, remember seeing a Highland regiment reviewed after its return from Waterloo, and he recalled one holiday in 1821 with special pleasure.

When he was about fifteen he paid a visit to London, and was entertained by an uncle, who took him to Vauxhall Gardens and other sights. He went upon a steamship in the Thames, a novelty in those days. Another sight was of a more gruesome sort—a corpse swinging in chains. It was that of a pirate hung near the river bank at Greenwich, so placed as to be visible to the sailors who passed that way, in the hopes that it might deter them from a similar crime. Another uncle, who lived in Berwick, was fond of a little smuggling across the Border in the days when that trade was in fashion. He would take his nephew for a drive into the country, and they rarely returned without a little keg of contraband. Sometimes they were nearly found out, and once only escaped by smart driving.

One boyish escapade was nearly having more serious results. When he was eleven he bought a pistol, and to the vendor's alarm was not far from setting fire therewith to a couple of barrels of gunpowder before he had left the shop. The shopman made him promise to be most careful, but this did not seem to the boy to be any reason why he should not keep the weapon loaded with ball, in which state he hid it in his clothes-drawer when he got back to school. Mary, the servant, having occasion to turn over the clothes, discovered the fire-arm, which she took off and unintentionally discharged. Terrified, though unhurt, she fled from the room, crying that she was shot, and the news of the accident was carried to little Joe by a school-fellow, who assured him that Mary had been killed by his pistol. "Then," said he, "I must be a murderer. I must fly." And fly he did towards Sunderland, intending to become a

sailor. Of course he was pursued, recaptured, and taken back, and the claims of justice were satisfied by plentiful swishings.

When he had finished his schooling at Durham, Stevenson went to the University of Glasgow to complete his education. He did not, however, as far as I can learn, take a degree there, but returned in 1829 to Berwick with the intention of entering the Presbyterian ministry. He became, in fact, a Licentiate of that body, and preached a trial sermon at Hutton, in Berwickshire, where he resided for the space necessary to qualify himself for service in the Scotch Kirk. However, he seems to have even then embarked to some extent on a literary career, and to have commenced an edition of Chaucer, which he soon gave up, and a glossary of old English words and phrases, which he eventually published by subscription, with the aid of Mr. Hunter, in 1832.

Desultory writing, however, was not likely to produce enough money to make up the contribution by which he desired to help to defray the expenses of his mother and her younger children, and so he resolved to come to London and see what he could do to better his fortunes.

Leaving Berwick in a smack, he reached London after eight days, where he landed practically friendless. However, he soon found employment, first at the Public Records, at that time kept in St. John's Chapel, in the Tower, and about the following May obtained a still better post at the British Museum. He had a letter of recommendation from old Dr. Laing of Edinburgh to Dr. Bliss, who then lived in Gower Street, and Bliss in turn recommended him to Mr. Madden (afterwards Sir Frederick), Keeper of the manuscripts at the British Museum. The Museum had just purchased the Arundel Collection from the Royal Society, and new assistants were consequently required to put the papers into order. Stevenson was first taken for a week on trial, and as his work was found very satisfactory, he received a permanent post with a good salary. This was about midsummer, 1831.

Thus favourably started in life, he returned to Glasgow, to bring back as his wife Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. John Craig, of Mount Florida, Glasgow. They were married, September 19, 1831, and their first boy, Robert, was born in August, 1832. Those who knew Father Stevenson's tender love for children will easily understand the affection which he lavished on his first-born. The boy, moreover, was one over whom a father's

heart was sure to grow proud. Precociously clever and remarkably affectionate, he became as it were the centre of the father's life, the future of which was to be deeply influenced by his early death. Of this anon ; for the present the father's fortunes grew more and more prosperous.

His post of authority at the Museum soon brought him into contact with the leading students of our history and antiquities throughout the country. He was in close correspondence with Kemble, Pitcairn, Thorpe, Tytler, Wright, and others who were then regarded as the leading historians of the country. Again he soon became a member of various learned Societies, and edited for them a multitude of volumes too numerous to enumerate, and it was a further rise in his profession when he became one of the Subcommissioners of the Public Records in 1834. As such he did much work at the proposed new edition of Rymer's *Foedera*, and drew up in 1836 for that purpose the Appendix volume E, to Mr. C. P. Cooper's Report. It is perhaps allowable to note here that men who afterwards became the heads of Government Offices, like Sir Edward Cole, Director of the South Kensington Museum, S. T. Duffus Hardy, Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, and Mr. Edward Bond, Chief Librarian of the British Museum, were then his equals or subordinates. If he did not rise to occupy the highest positions in this profession, it was not from want of conspicuous talent for it, but because he deliberately chose to enter a fresh career which in his estimate was a higher one. We must now indicate as well as we can some steps in the interior development which led to this far-reaching determination.

We have already seen that before he came to London he had been a licentiate of the Kirk of Scotland. In London, however, he gradually dropped his connection with the Presbyterian body, had his children baptized Anglicans, and came to be known as Joseph Stevenson, *Esq.* It would appear that his former co-religionists in the North heard of this change with displeasure, and manifested their disapproval in decided terms. Mr. Stevenson, therefore, thought it wise to inquire what course his critics might or would adopt, and received from Mr. William Fleming a note to the effect that, while he remained in London nothing could really be done or would probably be attempted against him ; should he however return to Scotland a committee would be called to consider his course of conduct while he had been sojourning in England, the consequences of which might

be disagreeable. How this incident ended, I do not know, but he seems to have visited Anglican and Presbyterian churches indifferently till the great misfortune, to which we have already alluded, overtook him.

The death of his eldest son, Robert, November 5, 1839, was a blow from which in one sense the father never recovered, but it was also in the hands of God's providence a trial of fire, which was to refine his soul, to teach him, as nothing else could, the transitory nature of the best that this world had to give, and its consequent inferiority to the service of One, whose rewards fail not and fade not. We have also said that Robert was a precocious child, and his father formed his young mind to delight in learning. He acquired knowledge with astonishing facility, and at the age of seven was already master of more Latin, Greek, and other information than is ordinarily possessed by boys twice or even thrice his age. But the result was fatal, an attack of water on the brain carried him off, leaving in the father's heart a wound that time never healed. It was well known in his family that it was unsafe to mention Robert's name, but I am told that a few months before his death, his son-in-law, in the course of an ordinary conversation, inadvertently touched on the subject. The words acted on the old man like an electric shock, he started and threw up his arms. "I shall see him again," he said, "I shall see him again."

It may easily be imagined, that while he was under the shadow of such a blow he thought but lightly of the worldly success he had by this time achieved. On the other hand, the recollection of Durham Minster, ancient, majestic, spiritual, rose before him, a vision infinitely attractive in comparison with gloomy mundane London. He would go North, he would enter the Church, he would do some good ere he died. Yes, that was the better course, he would follow it, and he did. He resigned his comparatively well-paid post on the Record Commission, returned to Durham, and there received with the ordinary interstices, the Anglican Orders.

We all know how curiously often such passages in men's lives, transitions occur from the sublime to the ridiculous. The following was one he never failed to laugh over when reminded of it.

After admission to deacon's orders he returned to receive the congratulations of his friends in his native Berwick, and was requested by the Vicar to assist him at the Communion Service,

and to hand round at the end the wine that remained in the cup. His acquaintances were duly gratified by his appearance, but one old lady signified her approval in a way that broke ludicrously on the high pitched ideas of the newly ordained.

"I'm unco glad to see you, Maister Joseph," said she with a smile and a nod, "and here's wishing you very good health." Then suiting the action to the word, she drained the cup and restored it to the disconcerted deacon.

The general disregard for spiritual things which was so prevalent in the last century was still powerful then, and Father Stevenson used to recount that he had seen a cock-fight in a church, the space within the communion-rails being used as the cock-pit.

About the end of 1841, his old friend and schoolmaster, the Rev. James Raine, who had since become Librarian, and Keeper of Records to the Dean and Chapter, was dismissed from his post, which was offered to Stevenson. Entering into office, he began, in 1842, to arrange and catalogue the many charters and other deeds preserved in the Treasury. He continued this work for the next seven years, and needless to say he discharged his task admirably, and was made an honorary M.A. by the University in acknowledgment of his services. He was always under the impression that his work had not been continued since.

Meantime the causes which had drawn him from London to Durham, were drawing him further towards the Catholic Faith. The study of Catholic times, and perusal of so many Lives of the Saints, was gradually leavening his mind. In such Lives, as is well known, much of our early history is to be found, and Mr. Stevenson collected and transcribed them with great diligence. But while they all contributed in their degree to the development of his ideas, there was one which exercised a far stronger charm upon him than the rest. This was the Life of St. Cuthbert, Apostle of Northumberland, whose relics were said to be buried in the Cathedral, but no one knew where. Even from his boyhood he had loved to think and dream about him, and as he grew in years his veneration for the Saint increased; and in turn the great Saint's history reacted on him with the force of a living example, and inspired him with many truly Catholic ideas and feelings.

We get a better idea of the independence of Mr. Stevenson's development when we remember that though its course was

parallel to that of the High Church movement, and was proceeding simultaneously with it, yet there seems to have been no connection between them. I have found no reference to the authors of *Lives of the English Saints* in his *Church Historians of England*, nor any appeal to him as an authority on the part of the authors of these Lives, such as was made in such favourable terms by Dr. Lingard in his Preface to his fourth edition. Again, he was not in correspondence, so far as I know, with any of the Tractarian leaders, though he was with the Catholic antiquary, Dr. Rock, a letter from whom, dated January 25, 1849, shows us that Mr. Stevenson was then engaged in collecting "Anglo-Saxon testimonials concerning the adorable Eucharist." On the other hand, the presence of a counter Low Church influence is very evident. To say nothing of Presbyterianism in his family, his Vicar, the Rev. George Townsend, was as notoriously anti-Catholic as he was well-meaning. Mr. Townsend is chiefly remembered by having made a special visit to Rome to convert the Pope, and by his voluminous notes on Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. His curate no doubt helped him to procure several of the documents there quoted, and thereby came anew under the influence, which was to operate as the second great factor in his conversion, the study of the Reformation at its source.

By this time the needs of his growing family forced him to look for preferment somewhere. His friends urged him to seek for it on the spot, the centre of almost the wealthiest diocese of England, where the incomes of the prebendaries were reckoned by thousands. But it is characteristic of the man that he should have evinced an absolute repugnance to adopt such a course. Dearly as he loved Durham, he was repelled by the worldliness of the rich pluralists who then occupied the posts of dignity in the Cathedral. When he compared their lives and standards with the lives and standards of the ancient saints whom he had come to venerate so deeply, he could not suppress a painful suspicion that the system which then held was something very like an imposture.

The parish of Leighton Buzzard, to which he was finally presented in January, 1849, was, on the contrary, poor, and entailed hard work. It had been nominally worth £400 a year, but it had long dwindled in value, and to his dismay turned out to be worth only £120 a year. The vicarage, moreover, was so decayed as to be uninhabitable, and an additional curate

was an absolute necessity. So painfully did Mr. Stevenson feel the impossibility of discharging his duties satisfactorily under the circumstances, that he was preparing to return to Durham, but something induced him to stay on, and eventually he not only got an extra curate, but built a vicarage and repaired the church after it had been damaged by lightning. That episode afforded the old man an occasion for one of his stories.

He had been out with his favourites, the school-children, for a treat, the enjoyment of which was interrupted at one time by a severe thunder-storm. As they made their way homewards in the evening, drawn in a country wagon, the town of Leighton Buzzard came in sight from the top of a hill. The storm-cloud still partly obscured the view, but Mr. Stevenson's heart misgave him when he thought he saw something wrong with his church-steeple. He jumped out of the cart, and ran down the hill. It was too true, the steeple-top was gone, and in its fall had so damaged the church itself, that for the time it could not be used.

As he sat next day in his parlour, wondering how he should hold his next Sunday's service, a visitor was announced. It was a Dissenting minister come to offer him his chapel until other provision for the congregation could be made. Mr. Stevenson thanked him heartily, and no sooner was he gone than another Dissenting minister paid him a call for a similar purpose, and so the services were able to continue without interruption.

This action of the Dissenting body implied, of course, no insignificant tribute to the popularity which Mr. Stevenson had won amongst all classes and denominations. This he acquired simply by dint of good works; the full tale of them is indeed lost, but the record of one or two may indicate of what sort they were. He opened a night-school in the village, and taught in it himself; he visited his parishioners, especially the poor, giving to them from his scanty means with a most liberal hand. One of the chief reasons for which he undertook to bring out the series entitled *The Church Historians of England* was to get money to spend in this way, and he made time for writing by rising two hours earlier in the morning. The following example of his manner of inducing his family to assist him in his disinterested charity may perhaps now be published. One winter, he came in while the family were at breakfast, and said that Mrs. So-and-so was in undeniable distress for want of a blanket. "I really can't help her, so I want to ask you if you are

willing to forego any little luxury you can spare, till we get enough to supply her need." It was agreed that they should give up using butter until the desired sum was raised, and so the good work was accomplished in a way that taught admirably a lesson never to be forgotten, and must have brought down God's blessing on many.

Having mentioned the *Church Historian* series, we naturally come back to Father Stevenson's career as a historian. After he gave up his post as Subcommissioner for the Records, he edited some twenty volumes for the Bannatyne, Roxburghe, and Maitland Clubs, and the Surtees and English Historical Societies. In 1856, he undertook to bring out for the Oxford University Press a work which, had it been completed, would have been a monumental one. Nothing short of a descriptive dictionary of the English historians of all ages and of their works, whether in print or manuscript. He finally handed over the whole of his collections, the fruit of twenty-five years of labour, to Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy for his well-known *Catalogue of British History*, where the generous gift is acknowledged with an equally generous frankness. Before this, in 1847, when Mr. Petrie died, leaving his *Monumenta Historica Britannica* still unpublished, Mr. Stevenson, who had assisted Petrie in its compilation, and was an advocate of his system, petitioned the Master of the Rolls to be made editor of the volume, and continuator of the work. But the whole scheme for the publication of the national records was then in a very critical state. Mr. Hardy superintended the publication of the volume, and then the series stopped. There was indecision and uncertainty in the Government as to whether anything should be done, and if so, what. Mr. Stevenson was amongst those whose advice was requested, and listened to with respect. Indeed on this occasion he was able to do his country a valuable service. For when many plans for continuing the work of the Record Commission had fallen through, and it seemed as if nothing would finally be done, Mr. Stevenson's representation, in 1856, influenced the Government to undertake, in 1857, the publication of the splendid volumes, commonly known as the Rolls Series. Though the plan adopted differed in detail from that which Mr. Stevenson had recommended, the service which his learning, name, and action then enabled him to do to the cause of English history in general, was really considerable and deserves to be remembered.

Though, as we have said, the details of his plan were not adopted by Government, he was one of the first editors selected for the intended series, and his warm friend Sir Thomas Hardy, before this appointment was officially notified, wrote confidentially to congratulate him on the prospect of his again actively filling a very prominent place amongst those officially connected with the Records. He concludes in familiar but forcible language: "I think now, old fellow, your foot is in the stirrup, and it will be your own fault if you don't ride. I know that if once you get on the saddle you will not easily lose your seat."

Hardy's hearty words reflect correctly what would, no doubt, have been the opinion of most men. Mr. Stevenson was again well started in a career in which, if he exerted himself, he might rise to an influential and well-paid post, while as an Anglican parson his prospects were extremely poor. Most people would say that, under such circumstances, if a man did not thrive and prosper, it would be due to his own fault. But Mr. Stevenson was one of those rarer spirits, who can rise superior to considerations of temporal success, and the time for choosing between the call of conscience and considerations of personal and family interest was rapidly approaching.

The first book edited by Mr. Stevenson for the Master of the Rolls, was the *Chronicle of the Monastery of Abingdon*. The Preface to the first volume is dated December 7, 1857, that to the second September 1, 1858. The next volumes came at somewhat longer intervals. They consisted of mediæval documents regarding the English invasions of France, to be found in various French Archives. To prosecute these necessary researches he had to visit France, and worked at Paris, Rheims, Rouen, Lille, and other places. Whilst at Chartres an adventure befell him, which was not without considerable consequences.

The Bishop of Chartres, Mgr. Regnault, a man remarkable for sanctity, said to a Sister of Charity, who used to go round visiting for him, "We have an English family here, Protestants, but the gentleman comes every Saturday, when I go to visit Notre Dame du Pilier, kisses my ring, and bends his head for my blessing, and I am told that he goes before the gate of the choir to pray. His wife and two daughters are also here, and live at Mademoiselle Girard's with a governess to improve their French. Would you kindly call on them?"

Madame Dupuis, who subsequently became Mother General of the Sisters of Charity of St. Paul in this country, did call, and

made great friends with the family, a friendship which she kept up by always visiting its members in London, when she passed through on her way from Selly Park to Paris.

This little episode, which I believe took place in the summer of 1858, not only shows that Mr. Stevenson was at the time well advanced towards Catholicism, but no doubt itself contributed to help him further in the same direction.

To the influence which his study of Catholic times had made on him, we have already frequently alluded. Circumstances were now to bring clearly before his eyes the contrast between the spirit of those ages, and the spirit of Protestantism at its fountain-head in the Reformation and in its manifestations around him.

The appointment of Mr. Turnbull, a recent convert, to the post of Calendarer at the Record Office, aroused the fanatics of the Protestant Alliance. They denounced him in public, and requested the Government to remove him. Mr. Turnbull brought an action for libel against the secretary, Mr. Bird, which, however, he lost. He was so unnerved by the storm raised against him, that his health gave way, he resigned his post, and in two years he was dead. "Done to death by slanderous tongues," was the verdict which Mr. Brewer was not afraid of publishing in the papers after his decease.

All this must have made a considerable impression on Mr. Stevenson, with whom he was on intimate terms. It showed him most plainly what the results might be of submission to the Church, which without doubt at that time frequently presented itself to his mind, not only as a possibility but as an event daily more and more probable.

So urgent did he feel the need of being set free from the trammels of his present position in order to act with freedom in the matter, that he resigned his living in 1862, and undertook to continue the work of calendaring at the Record Office, which Mr. Turnbull had resigned. The work that so fell to him was the arrangement of documents which threw a lurid light on the policy of the Tudors, while altering the religion of this country; and the result of his study was to dispel for ever the halo, which had been fictitiously cast over the leaders of the Reformation. Of the thoroughness with which he was disillusioned he gave a striking proof during his last sickness. Asked during his long, long sufferings whether this or that would distract or amuse him, he answered, "Many thanks for your kindness,

but if I want amusement I have only to think of such a man as John Knox being considered a religious reformer. That never fails to amuse me." The contrast with Catholicism, of which we have already spoken, was now so accentuated, that its lesson could no longer be gainsaid. His pen was ever active, the volumes appearing at a rate faster than that of one a year, his mind and soul were no less progressive, and on the 24th of June, 1863, he was received into the Church, by Father Gallwey at Farm Street.

And here for a time we must leave him, in peace of mind, but not without a painful dread of possible consequences, a dread which the events showed to be only too well founded. The course of his profession was not to run smoothly, and that by reason not of his faults, but of his Faith; but of this in our next.

J. H. POLLEN.

## *The Gunpowder Plot.*

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### IV.—FATHER GARNET AND THE CONSPIRACY.

WE have in our last paper<sup>1</sup> endeavoured to show what sort of a man he was upon whom the Government made it their great object to fasten the chief guilt of the Gunpowder Plot, and it will probably be acknowledged that if Father Garnet were really such as his private and confidential correspondence witnesses, very clear and convincing evidence should be forthcoming to induce us to believe that he was an accomplice in so detestable a design.

It is, however, but natural that those who confine their attention to history as it is commonly written, should believe that we have such evidence in abundance, for there is certainly no point on which historians appear more fully to agree than that, on one ground or another, his conviction and condemnation were just, while his position, as Superior of the Jesuits in England, invested his conduct with a responsibility to which that of others had no claim. We find accordingly that not only the violent partisans who wrote in the seventeenth century have taken such a view, but even those who in our own time have approached the question in a calmer and fairer spirit, and in particular Mr. Jardine, who may be called the classical authority on the question, the details of which he has investigated with so much industry that subsequent writers appear generally to think that nothing more remains to be said upon it. He, as we have seen, concludes his investigation with the verdict that Garnet was a willing, consenting, and approving confederate.<sup>2</sup>

But when we pass from the verdict to the evidence which supports it, we must confess our feeling to be one of astonishment that it should have seemed in any way sufficient to justify such a judgment, which, as we have already argued, appears to be explicable only on the supposition that the inquiry was started with the assumption of that which was in truth the main

<sup>1</sup> THE MONTH, February, 1895, "The Arch-Conspirator."

<sup>2</sup> *Gunpowder Plot*, p. 321.

point to be proved, namely, that the profession and principles of the accused permitted, and even enjoined, a course of conspiracy and treason. As we must once more remind our readers, it is not pretended that any overt act was ever established, or attempted to be established, against him. Neither is it alleged that any clear and categorical proof was adduced to show that he had a guilty knowledge of the conspiracy. The whole indictment rests on a number of deductions, inferences, and suggestions, gathered out of the voluminous confessions, declarations, and other statements made by the defendant himself, or by the conspirators, and is formidable chiefly on account of the difficulty which must be commonly experienced in grasping the true bearing and full significance of its various parts. Fortunately, to arrive at a just conclusion, it does not appear to be necessary to review once more the bewildering complexities of this evidence, for we can at once more easily and more satisfactorily attain our object by listening to the testimony of those who are familiar with its details, and can have no motive to minimize their significance.

Mr. Gardiner, the most recent historian who has given his attention specially to the question, writing with full knowledge of all that has been urged against Garnet, thus concludes:<sup>1</sup> "On the scaffold he persisted in his denial that he had any positive information of the Plot except in confession, though he allowed, as he had acknowledged before, that he had a general and confused knowledge from Catesby.<sup>2</sup> In all probability this is the exact truth."

The testimony of Mr. Jardine himself may be adduced to corroborate this judgment and invalidate his own. In the Preface to his *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*,<sup>3</sup> he tells us that certain documents of prime importance, known once to have existed, have disappeared, and precisely those which, as he assumes, would constitute the most important evidence against Garnet and the other Jesuits. He continues: "If the merits of the controversy respecting their criminal implication in the Plot depended upon the fair effect of the original documents now to be found in the State Paper Office, impartial readers might

<sup>1</sup> *History of England*, i. 282. Edit. 1883.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, That some "stir" was projected on behalf of the Catholic cause. This appears from the evidence cited in Mr. Gardiner's note on the above passage.

<sup>3</sup> P. xi.

probably hesitate to form a decided opinion upon the subject." It is true that he considers the disappearance of these papers a "singular accident," and that they must have been abstracted for a purpose; but it is none the less true that in their absence we ought, on his own testimony, to say "not proven." The disappearance of these documents is doubtless very remarkable and suspicious. But if, according to an old maxim, *fecit is cui prodest*,—the interested party is the doer,—it can hardly be imagined that Father Garnet's interests suggested their disappearance, for when had any friend of his the power of tampering with them?

Other testimonies to the same effect are found if we go back to the time of the Plot itself, and the trials which followed it. Even the Government account, unscrupulously unfair as it is, conclusively shows that at the trial of the conspirators—January 27, 1606<sup>5</sup>—no tittle of evidence was forthcoming to incriminate Garnet, and on February 27 we find Father Giles Schondonck, Rector of St. Omers—who was evidently well informed as to all that passed—in a letter to his fellow-Jesuit, Father Baldwin, writing as follows:<sup>1</sup> "I much rejoice that, as I hear, there is no confession produced by which, either in court or at the place of execution, any of our Society is accused of so abominable a crime."<sup>2</sup>

So manifest is this, indeed, that none of his modern accusers has sought to ground the case against Father Garnet upon any evidence obtained previous to his capture, which occurred just about the time of the trial of the conspirators. But when the time of his own arraignment came, those who had full opportunity of judging, and who were most hostile to him, bear witness to the disappointment produced in court by the discovery that there was nothing fresh of any consequence to allege against him. Thus Bishop Goodman writes:<sup>3</sup> "For Henry Garnet, the provincial jesuit, how far he was to be blamed, did not appear by any examination." So Sir Allan Percy writes to Dudley Carleton, three days after the trial (April 1, 1606):<sup>4</sup> "Garnet hath past his sencure, but hath litell edified the expectations that was looked for at hys araynment. I was not there myself,

<sup>1</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xviii. 97. (Original in Latin.)

<sup>2</sup> He significantly adds: "This I consider a point of prime importance. Of secret confessions, or those extorted by violence and torture, less account must be made; for we have had many examples whereby the dishonesty of our enemies in such matters has been fully displayed."

<sup>3</sup> *Dom. James I.* xx. 4.

<sup>4</sup> *Court of James I.* p. 109.

but was assured there was nothing that was not knowne before, by the confessions of those that were executed."

On the following day John Chamberlain wrote a long account of the trial to the same correspondent<sup>1</sup> gathered from those who were present, from which it appears that the chief impression produced was, firstly, "that Garnet coming to England in 1586 hath had his finger in every treason since that time;" and, secondly, that "touching this hellish conspiracy" he was proved to be privy to it by what Catesby and Greenway had told him. As to the former of these points—his connection with previous treasons—the prosecuting counsel, Sir Edward Coke, did, indeed, roundly assert it, and at great length, but made no pretence of producing any evidence in support of it. As Mr. Jardine remarks:<sup>2</sup> "The observation which most readily suggests itself, is the injustice of enforcing against an individual tried for a specific offence, all the treasons or imputed treasons committed during twelve years by members of the religious party to which he belonged." He might have added that one of the conspirators mentioned was a Jew,<sup>3</sup> and at least two of the others Protestants.<sup>4</sup> As to the Gunpowder Plot itself, it is evident that even in the judgment of listeners so easily convinced as Chamberlain's informants showed themselves to be, nothing was produced to connect Father Garnet more closely with the Plot, than through the general intimation of some project conveyed by Catesby, and the knowledge imparted under the seal of confession by Father Greenway. As to this last, it must be noticed that not even the Government of the day ventured to impute to him as a crime the non-violation of the sacramental seal,<sup>5</sup> the only question appears therefore to be that which concerns the information obtained from Catesby, and the extent to which its concealment was criminal.

On this subject we have already seen<sup>6</sup> a detailed statement of Father Garnet's own, which was quoted to show the grossly unfair use of such documents by the prosecution. We see that he was aware from the tone and temper of Catesby and Thomas Winter that their indignation against what they held to be the

<sup>1</sup> *Dom. James I.* xx. 5.

<sup>2</sup> *Gunpowder Plot*, p. 233.

<sup>3</sup> Lopez.

<sup>4</sup> "The enterprisers of them were no Catholics, or but feigned Catholics, as Yorke and Squire were, who died Protestants." (Father John Gerard's *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*. Edit. 1872, p. 249.)

<sup>5</sup> This is expressly remarked by Mr. Gardiner. (*History of England*, i. 279.)

<sup>6</sup> *THE MONTH*, January, 1895, p. 23.

bad faith of the King, threatened to lead to "some stirring," and that he took every means, short of informing the Government, to prevent such a course. Afterwards, when he discovered the frightful nature of the design actually entertained, being—as we must judge him—a man of singularly delicate conscience, he condemned himself for not having disclosed what he knew, and acknowledged that by failing to do so he had made himself guilty before his King and country. Accordingly we are told by various historians that on the scaffold "he confessed his fault and asked forgiveness."<sup>1</sup> We must, however, understand exactly what he did in this respect, and this we shall best learn from two more documents of his own.

On April 4, 1606, he penned the following declaration, which he intended for the King.<sup>2</sup>

I, Henry Garnet, of the Society of Jesus, priest, do here freely protest before God, that I hold the late intention of the powder action, to have been altogether unlawful and most horrible, as well in respect of the injury and treason to His Majesty, the Prince, and others, that should have been sinfully murdered at that time, as also in respect of infinite other innocents, which should have been present. I also do protest, that I was ever of opinion, that it was unlawful to attempt any violence against the King's Majesty and Estate, after he was once received by the realm. Also I acknowledge that I was bound to reveal all knowledge that I had of this or any other treason, out of the Sacrament of Confession. And whereas, partly upon hope of prevention, partly for that I would not betray my friend, I did not reveal the general knowledge of Mr. Catesby's intention, which I had by him, I do acknowledge myself highly guilty, to have offended God, the King's Majesty and Estate, and humbly ask of all forgiveness, exhorting all Catholics that they no way build upon my example. : . In testimony whereof I have signed this with my own hand.

The next day he wrote to Father Greenway, whom he believed to be a prisoner like himself:<sup>3</sup> "I wrote yesterday to the King, to testify that I do and always did condemn the intention, and that indeed I might have revealed a general knowledge had of Mr. Catesby out of confession, but hoping of the Pope's prevention, and being loth to hurt my friend, I acknowledge that I have so far forth offended God and the King, and so asked forgiveness."

The above letter was, as a matter of course, carried straight to Waad, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and how little it appeared

<sup>1</sup> Baker's *Chronicle*, 408.

<sup>2</sup> S.P.O. *Dom James I.* xx. 12.      <sup>3</sup> Hatfield MSS. 115, fol. 154.

to him to serve the purposes of the Government, may be gathered from the significant comment with which he passed it on to Cecil: "The letter I now send your lordship is that declaration he would have published when he is gone, *and therefore is to be kept the more secret.*"

Such, then, was the judgment passed by Father Garnet upon himself; but although it acquits him on the principal point, it stigmatizes his conduct far more severely than justice seems to permit, and therefore it is that we have described him as of singularly delicate conscience. It was, in truth, morally impossible for him to do what he blamed himself for not doing. In the first place, we must remember that those whom there was question of betraying were not only his personal friends, but his spiritual children, members of that flock for the sake of which he was daily exposed to death in its most terrible form. Moreover, the attitude of the Government made it impossible for him to give any warning without consigning these men to destruction. As the Protestant Oldmixon tells us,<sup>1</sup> Cecil asked what there was to hinder him from giving the Government a general warning, without mentioning names; to which Garnet replied that the Minister was himself the obstacle, who would assuredly have racked him to pieces to make him tell all.

But, and this is of more importance, he had taken measures, sufficient, as he had every reason to believe, to hinder the design, whatever this might be. To understand the nature of his action we must briefly review some aspects of the history of previous years.

Five or six years before the death of Elizabeth, when the question of the succession was still unsettled, and it seemed that a Catholic candidate might have a good chance of success, the Catholics of England had been exhorted by the Pope to unite in supporting the claim of such a one, or at least not to favour any who would not guarantee toleration. For this purpose two breves (or briefs) were sent to Father Garnet to be promulgated when he judged expedient, the one being addressed to the clergy, the other to the laity. These documents he kept very quiet, showing them only to a few friends, amongst whom was Catesby, and when he saw the universal acceptance of King James, he burnt them; nor is it pretended that he ever did anything against that monarch, whom indeed he appears personally to have favoured more than any other pretender to

<sup>1</sup> *History of England, House of Stuart*, p. 27.

the crown. When, after half a year of the new reign, it became apparent that the hopes with which it was introduced were to be falsified, Catesby began to hint at troubles. Garnet rebuked him, and told him that the Pope forbade all resistance to what was now the established authority, whereupon he and his confidant, Winter, promised to desist.<sup>1</sup>

The continuance of persecution, however, caused Catesby to forget his promise, and he deluded himself by the argument that if it would have been lawful to keep the King out, it was equally so to eject him after his accession. This, about midsummer 1604, he pleaded to Garnet, who tells us: "Whereupon I urged that the Pope himself had given other orders, and that now all princes were very joyful as well as the Pope, and *he promised to surcease.*"<sup>2</sup>

The unquiet disciple did not, however, long remain content to follow so distasteful a counsel, and even began to revolt against the counsellor. At the end of August, Father Garnet wrote to Rome:<sup>3</sup> "If the affair of toleration go not well, Catholics will no more be quiet. What shall we do? Jesuits cannot hinder it. Let the Pope forbid all Catholics to stir." A month later he added, concerning himself and his brethren, that "though they cannot hinder what every tumultuous head intendeth, yet can they carry with them to peaceable courses the best and most Catholics."<sup>4</sup>

About the same time he suggested that Rome should purchase toleration for the Catholics of England, the Ministers of James being accessible to the argument of a pension.<sup>5</sup> This course was not attempted because of the strange notion propagated by the Spanish Ambassador, that James himself was likely to become a Catholic.<sup>6</sup>

The severity used towards Catholics grew meanwhile more and more pronounced, and, as a natural result, so did the restlessness of the more turbulent amongst the victims. Accordingly, we find Father Garnet writing to Rome, on the 8th of

<sup>1</sup> Examination, March 13, 1605-6, S.P.O.; Foley's *Records*, iii. 157; THE MONTH, Jan. 1895, p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> S.P.O. Examinations of March 13 and 14. The words in italics are added in Father Garnet's own hand.

<sup>3</sup> Gerard, *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, p. 73 (August 29, 1604).

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* (Sept. 21).

<sup>5</sup> S.P.O. *Roman Transcripts* (Bliss), Sept. 24, 1604.

<sup>6</sup> At an earlier period, when it seemed likely to help him to secure the English succession, James had undoubtedly favoured this belief, though he afterwards repudiated his own acts. (See Lingard, vol. vii. Appendix E.)

May, 1605, in cipher :<sup>1</sup> "All are desperate, divers Catholics are offended with Jesuits; they say that Jesuits do impugn and hinder all forcible enterprises. I dare not inform myself of their affairs, because of the prohibition of Father General for meddling in such affairs; and so I cannot give you an exact account; this I know by mere chance."

As it was thus clear that his own authority might not be sufficient to keep things quiet, he added an earnest request that the Pope would issue a distinct prohibition and condemnation of all attempted violence,<sup>2</sup> which, he was fully assured, would effectually prevent all seditious movements. In July, 1605, his desire was gratified by the receipt of two letters from the General of the Society, Father Aquaviva, written by the Pope's command, one being for himself, the other for the archpriest, Blackwell, and in these strenuous orders were given to hinder, by authority of His Holiness, all disturbances on the part of Catholics. The effect of this command was at once published by Blackwell.<sup>3</sup>

Soon afterwards, meeting Catesby, Father Garnet took occasion to impress upon him the duty of non-resistance,<sup>4</sup> showing him the letter from Rome, and admonishing him of the Pope's pleasure. Catesby, however, replied that he was not bound to accept the Pope's instructions, except directly from himself. Hereupon Father Garnet prevailed upon him to send an envoy to Rome to explain the state of affairs and receive the Pope's commands, and meanwhile to abstain from all action. To this Catesby agreed.

Within a few days, however,<sup>5</sup> Father Garnet was horrified to hear from Father Greenway the full particulars of the intended Plot. This knowledge was communicated in confession,<sup>6</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> Father Gerard's *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, p. 75.

<sup>2</sup> Garnet's declaration of March 9, 1605-6, Hatfield MSS. Printed in the *English Historical Review*, July, 1888.

<sup>3</sup> July 22. A contemporary copy of Aquaviva's letter is to be found in the S.P.O. *Dom. James I.*

<sup>4</sup> Declaration of March 9, *Historical Review*, iii. 512.

<sup>5</sup> Father Garnet, in his examination of March 12, 1605-6, says that it was "a little before St. James-tide." Other authorities put it later by three months, as Father Blount, who writes, August 1, 1606: "He [Greenway] revealed it to Father Garnet some 10 or 12 days before [the discovery], as I take it." (Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, vi.)

<sup>6</sup> On this point some confusion has been occasioned through misapprehension on the part of those who have no personal acquaintance with the confessional. Greenway came for a double purpose: (1) To make his own confession, (2) to consult his Superior *sub sigillo*, as to what should be done in regard of the Plot, lately disclosed

while greatly distressing him,<sup>1</sup> rendered him more helpless than ever, as he was bound by the most stringent laws of his Church to avoid even the appearance of using it. But amidst his fears he seems to have hoped that Catesby's late promise would defer the execution of the design till Rome should have been consulted, and Rome he knew would absolutely forbid any violence.<sup>2</sup>

One thing more, however, he clearly felt himself at liberty to do, namely, to write again to Rome, upon his previous knowledge, to beg the Pope to forbid Catholics, under pain of excommunication, to take up arms against the King.<sup>3</sup>

Such appears to be in brief the true account of Father Garnet's conduct in regard of that general knowledge, "had of Mr. Catesby," in respect of which alone can he be considered to have been guilty, and in regard of which he judged himself so severely. It is hard to see how we can subscribe to his self-condemnation.

It must moreover be remembered that, two years earlier, when the strange conspiracy known as the "Bye," or "Surprising Treason," was on foot, Fathers Garnet and Gerard becoming fully aware of it, and finding that the conspirators refused to desist when warned by them, actually conveyed information of the scheme to the Government.<sup>4</sup>

One other point in connection with Catesby requires to be mentioned, on account of the importance which has been attributed to it. This man, as we have seen, was the main-spring of the Plot, and his strong will dominated his associates. One thing he peremptorily demanded of them, a promise that they would not mention the project even in confession, lest

in confession to himself. He began with the latter point, and to avoid fatigue he and Father Garnet walked up and down the room while discussing it. Then he knelt down and made his confession. Some writers appear to think that the first part of the interview cannot be said to have been in confession, as Greenway was not on his knees; and it would even appear as though some understood the explanation, that he disclosed the Plot, not as a sin, but for the sake of counsel, as though he did not think it sinful. Garnet had permission from Greenway—as he from Catesby—to reveal the knowledge thus obtained, "should I be called in question for being accessory unto such a horrible action, either by the Pope, or by my Superiours beyond, or by the State here." (Examination, March 9; *Historical Review*, iii. 515.)

<sup>1</sup> "Now I remained in the greatest perplexity that ever I was in my life, and could not sleepe nights. . . Every day after I did offer up all my devotions and Masses that God would dispose all for the best," &c. (*Ibid.*)

<sup>2</sup> The Pope was not to be specifically informed of the design, but in general of the condition of Catholics, and to be asked whether this warranted the use of force.

<sup>3</sup> Father Gerard's *Narrative*, &c., p. 76. The letter is given in full.

<sup>4</sup> Gardiner, *History of England*, i. 114.

their ghostly fathers should discountenance and hinder it. For himself, he declared, he had no doubt that the design was not merely justifiable, but praiseworthy, and if he thought it involved even venial sin he would abandon it.<sup>1</sup> His companions, however, were less at ease, and as time went on began to manifest doubts and scruples. They seem, indeed, to have felt no compunction as to those whose destruction was their primary object, for they had persuaded themselves that the King and Parliament were their acknowledged enemies, and might be treated as such. But with them must perish many—probably very many—wholly innocent persons, who had no hand in the persecution of Catholics, and they asked whether the slaughter of these could be justified. Catesby undertook to obtain an authoritative opinion on the point. He had procured permission from the English Government to raise a troop for the service of the Archduke in Flanders, and accordingly he put the following case to Father Garnet. In the wars in which he was about to engage, it would frequently happen that a fortress had to be destroyed in which, besides the actual enemies, many helpless and harmless persons were to be found—women, for instance, and children, perhaps unbaptized infants. In many cases these would have to be destroyed with the garrison. He asked, therefore, whether in such a case it were lawful to proceed, or whether the enterprise must be given up in view of the evil involved. "I answered," says Father Garnet,<sup>2</sup> "that in all just wars it is practised and held lawful to beat down houses and walls and castles, notwithstanding innocents were in danger, so that such battering were necessary for the obtaining of victory, and that the multitude of innocents, and the harm which might ensue by their death, were not such that it might countervail the gain and commodity of the victory. And in truth I never imagined anything of the King's Majesty, nor of any particular."<sup>3</sup> The reply thus obtained Catesby applied to his own case, assuring the confederates that their doubts were now resolved by the authority of one in whom they all had the fullest confidence.

Such was the incident upon which the Government would

<sup>1</sup> Eudæmon Joannes, *Apologia*, p. 259.

<sup>2</sup> *Declaration*, March 9, ut sup.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards, finding reason to suspect that the question was asked for a purpose, he reminded Catesby that the action must be lawful in itself, or the answer given would not apply. Catesby however put him off in such a manner as to quiet his apprehensions. (*Ibid.*)

appear to have based the charge preferred in Father Garnet's indictment, that he had on the 9th of June, 1605, with Catesby and Greenway, compassed and imagined the death of the King, and determined to effect the same by gunpowder, for there is no indication of any other meeting with Catesby which could even approximately fix this date.<sup>1</sup> As to Father Greenway, there is no evidence of any conversation whatever.<sup>2</sup>

So much, then, for the case of Father Garnet in connection with the Gunpowder Plot. We have seen, on the one hand, that in the opinion of those who have the best means of judging, beyond the incommunicable knowledge imparted to him under the seal of confession, he had no more than a confused and general intimation from Catesby, of some trouble designed by himself and his friends in consequence of what they felt to be the bad faith of the King. On the other hand we have examined in the light of the only evidence we possess, what precisely that knowledge was, and what was Father Garnet's conduct in regard of it. It cannot, surely, be seriously maintained that the facts as we find them justify the conclusion that he was morally guilty of complicity in the projected crime.

How severe was the judgment he passed on himself we have already seen, at least in part, but we find him using still stronger language in his own regard, when on the eve of execution he repudiated the idea that he was about to die as a martyr,

<sup>1</sup> Father Garnet says that his conversation with Catesby took place "on the Saturday after the *utis* (Octave) of Corpus Christi, at his chamber in Thames Street, hard by Queenhithe."

In 1605, Easter fell on March 31 (O.S.), and the Saturday in question would therefore be June 8.

<sup>2</sup> The purport of Father Garnet's pronouncement to Catesby has not unfrequently been altogether transfigured, by a very slight change in the details. Thus in Knight's *Old England* (p. 162) we read: "At one time Catesby asked him [Garnet] in general terms if a design to promote the Catholic faith were lawful in which it would be necessary to *destroy a few Catholic friends* together with a *great many heretical enemies* (italics in original). Garnet answered: 'In case the object were clearly good, and could be effected by no other means, it might be lawful among many noents to destroy some innocents.' After this it is not easy to feel much sympathy with the 'martyred' Jesuit; one is more inclined to pity the men who were deceived by such guides."

In Somers' *Tracts* (ii. 102), we find Catesby asking, "Whether for the good and promotion of the Catholic cause it be lawful or not among many noents to destroy and take away some innocents also. To which the Jesuit replies, "That if the advantage was greater on the side of the Catholics by the destruction of the innocent with the noent, than by the preservation of both, it was doubtless lawful;" further explaining himself by the comparison, that if at the taking of a town possessed by the enemy, there happen to be some friends, they must undergo the fortune of war and common destruction of the enemy.

and declared it would be rather as a penitent thief.<sup>1</sup> How, we may well ask, could he say this, had he done no more than we have seen above? To answer this question we must say a word of one of the most heartless of the many frauds practised by the Government in order to break the spirit of their victim.<sup>2</sup> Three Deans, of the Chapel Royal, of Westminster, and of St. Paul's, were employed to visit him in prison, ostensibly to tender "good counsel about contrition, confession, and satisfaction," in reality to be the instruments of a cruel deception. They informed him that great scandal had been taken at his conduct, so much so that five hundred Catholics had in consequence turned Protestant.<sup>3</sup> Father Garnet believed the story, which was a pure falsehood, and was completely overcome, concluding that if this had been the result of the course he had pursued, he must by an error of judgment have committed a great fault: and for this he hoped to atone by his death.<sup>4</sup> Once, again, it appears impossible to agree with Father Garnet that the charge of dishonesty, if it is to be made, rests upon him.

<sup>1</sup> Letter of April 3, 1606. S.P.O. *Dom James I.* xx. 11.

<sup>2</sup> It is impossible to speak with certainty on the point, but there is reason to believe that the object was to induce Father Garnet to renounce his faith, in which case he would have been not only pardoned but rewarded. Father Richard Blount wrote to Rome, August 1, 1606 (Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, vi.), "That life was offered if he would recant, I make no doubt, seeing it was current for a while in every man's mouth that he was to preach at Paul's and thereupon was to be Bp of York, which was so confidently spoken as great wagers would have been laid upon it. And the people at his death seemed displeased that it had been given out that he would recant his religion and did not."

<sup>3</sup> Ben Jonson, who condescended to be a tool of the Government in anti-Catholic intrigues, had written, November 8, 1605, that the effect of the "business" would be to make "500 gent. lesse of the religion within this weeke." (S.P.O. *Dom James I.* xvi. 30.) In the index to the Calendar of State Papers, the poet is disguised under the appellation "Benjamin Johnson."

<sup>4</sup> "I understand by the doctours which were with me, and by Mr. Lieutenant, that great scandall was taken at my arraignment, and 500 Catholics turned Protestants, which if it should be trew I must needs think that many other Catholics are scandalized at me also. I desyre all to judge of me in charity, for I thank God most humbly in all speeches and actions I have had a desire to do nothing against the glory of God. . . . But I was *in medio illusorum* [in the midst of deceivers] and it may be Catholicks also think strange we should be acquainted with such things; but who can hinder but he must know things sometimes which he would not. I never allowed it: I sought to hinder it more than men can imagine, as the Pope will tell. It was not my part (as I thought) to disclose it. I have written this day a detestation of that action for the King to see. And I acknowledge myself not to dye a victorious martyr, but as a penitent thief, as I hope I shall do. And so will I say at the execution, whatsoever others have said or held before." (Letter of April 3, 1606—to Anne Vaux—*ut sup.*)

One more point must be touched before we conclude our review of his case. Mr. Gardiner, who, as we have seen, exonerates him from the guilt of the conspiracy, is yet of opinion that his judges could not do otherwise than condemn him, because of the doctrine he held on the subject of "equivocation," for, says the historian, "the Jesuitical doctrine on the subject of truth and falsehood which he openly professed, was enough to ruin any man. There was nothing to make any one believe in his innocence, except his own assertions, and the weight of these was reduced to nothing by his known theory and practice."<sup>1</sup> The same judgment has been echoed on all sides from his day to ours.<sup>2</sup>

What, however, was the nature of the terrible doctrine, which, under the name of "equivocation," he defended? Briefly, it is reducible to this principle, that an "examinee" is bound to speak the truth only when the examiner has a right to hear it. Hence he deduced two consequences. First, that, as no one is bound to incriminate himself, an accused person, against whom the prosecution has no other evidence, is not bound to furnish it, and may, accordingly, if questioned, extend his plea of "Not guilty," by severally denying the various items charged against him. Concerning this, it is sufficient to observe that the rule, which he openly laid down, is familiar to us as a first principle of English criminal law. Secondly, he maintained, to quote his own words, "One necessary condition required in every law is that it be just; for if this condition be wanting, then is it *ipso facto* void and of no force, neither hath it power to oblige any. Hereupon ensueth, that no power on earth can forbid or punish any action which we are bound unto by the law of God; so that the laws against recusants, against receiving of priests, against Mass and other rites of Catholic religion, are to be esteemed as no laws by such as steadfastly believe them to be necessary observances of the true religion." Therefore, he argued, if asked questions about others, in regard of matters thus rendered punishable by unrighteous statutes, and if his silence would be taken as evidence against them, he was

<sup>1</sup> *History of England*, i. 280.

<sup>2</sup> Dudley Carleton writes (May 2, 1606,) that Garnet shifts, falters, and equivocates, but "will be hanged without equivocation." (S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xxi. 4.) Shakespeare, if the passage be really his, appears to have joined in the chorus. (*Macbeth*, ii. 2.) "Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven."

allowed, and it was even his duty, to deny his knowledge. "But," he continued, "all the doctors that hold equivocation to be lawful, do maintain that it is not lawful when the examinee is bound to tell the simple truth. But in case of treason a man is bound to confess of another, without any witness at all, yea voluntarily to disclose it; not so of himself. Generally, when a man is bound to confess, there is no place of equivocation."<sup>1</sup> It must be remarked that by "equivocation" is here understood, not a play upon words, which the term is usually taken to mean, but a downright denial; the point being that such denial is directed against the questioner's right to put the question, not against the substance of the question itself.

Such was the doctrine which Father Garnet openly maintained, and not only he, but others of his brethren, as a point of great importance, in days when evidence was constantly being sought whereby to incriminate persons under the penal laws. We find, for example, Father Richard Blount writing to Parsons, August 1, 1606,<sup>2</sup> "I think it were not amiss to publish in print the Treatise of Equivocation, which seemeth so strange to the State." It should also be remarked that when Mr. Gardiner speaks of there being no ground to believe Father Garnet's innocence except his own assertions, it appears that we ought rather to say that there were none for pronouncing him guilty except such as might be extracted from his own lips.

As to the judgment to be passed on such teaching and the practice based upon it, it will at present be sufficient to remark, that for Father Garnet's view may be cited not only the Catholic doctors, and Aristotle, to whom he appealed, but such representative and impartial Englishmen as Jeremy Taylor, John Milton, William Paley, Samuel Johnson, James Anthony Froude, and even, at least by implication, that most doughty champion of veracity, Charles Kingsley.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xx. 2. Declaration of Henry Garnet, April 1, 1606. See also another declaration of his on the same subject. *Gunpowder Plot Book*, 217, A. The summary of this in the Calendar is very misleading. (March 29, 1606.)

<sup>2</sup> Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, vi.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Johnson, for example, speaks as follows: "It may be urged, that what a man has no right to ask, you may refuse to communicate; and there is no other effectual mode of preserving a secret, and an important secret, the discovery of which may be very hurtful to you, but a flat denial; for if you are silent, or hesitate, or evade, it will be held equivalent to a confession." (Boswell's *Life*, iv. 277.) Johnson goes on to say, that if "Junius" had confided his secret to him in confidence, he would, if

Neither can we forget that Father Garnet was, to use his own phrase, in the midst of deceivers. The Government did indeed declare itself shocked and scandalized by his theory and practice on the subject of truth, but none the less did it go far beyond both in its efforts for his conviction, and it seems not unreasonable to remark with Dr. Lingard,<sup>1</sup> that if we condemn him for the use of equivocation to save his life, we cannot excuse those who employed fraud and forgery to take it from him. Of the methods they devised we have already seen something, but one instance deserves special consideration, for to it we owe what has frequently been considered the most damaging piece of evidence against him.

As we have heard, he and Father Oldcorne were designedly placed in adjacent cells and were informed by the warder, under pretence of friendship, that they could talk together through a hole in the wall. When they did so, two men were stationed in a corner to overhear them. The information so obtained was declared by Cecil at the trial to have been revealed "as though by the finger of God," but amounted in reality to very little. The listeners had to acknowledge that they heard but imperfectly, and that their notes of what was said were largely conjectural; and Father Garnet constantly maintained, both in court and in his correspondence, that they misunderstood what they managed to hear. Beyond all this, however, their record of the "interlocutions" contained nothing of any moment, and furnished no such evidence as was desired. It was, however, possible by a few judicious changes to give some phrases a suspicious look. This was accordingly done, as we find by comparing the original notes of the spies, in the State Paper Office, with the version

questioned, hold himself at liberty to deny it, "as being under a previous promise to conceal it."

The case of Mr. Kingsley is particularly interesting. In the first volume of his *History* (c. vi.) Mr. Froude relates the story of Anthony Dalaber, the young Oxford reformer, who, when questioned by the University authorities about one of his associates, told them a story, of which he himself says: "This tale I thought meetest, though it were nothing so." His conduct Mr. Froude vehemently defends as "something different in kind from untruth, and having no affinity with it." Mr. Kingsley in an enthusiastic review of this volume (*North British Review*, li. reprinted in his *Miscellanies*, ii.) singles out this episode for special praise, as "a perfect gem of writing," and "showing us the hearts of the early reformers." It will be remembered that it was a review of a subsequent instalment of Mr. Froude's *History* which drew down upon Mr. Kingsley the memorable correspondence with the then Dr. Newman, concerning the question whether the latter did or did not hold truth to be a Christian virtue.

<sup>1</sup> *History*, vii. 81.

given in the reports of the trial.<sup>1</sup> It must be remembered that when this false version was produced and sworn to, the Attorney General, Sir E. Coke, had the correct one under his eyes, and was thus a party to the perjury.<sup>2</sup>

Such being the sum and substance of the case of Father Garnet, in view of the evidence brought against him in this matter, we may end as we began, by asking whether it is of sufficient weight to counterbalance that which we have adduced in his favour, and to induce us to believe that a man such as we have seen him to be was in truth guilty of this foul crime.

We might not improperly proceed to consider the case of others who have been accused like him, and especially of Father Greenway, about whose guilt historians are even more confident.<sup>3</sup>

This, however, we shall not now attempt. The most formidable piece of evidence against Greenway—namely, the alleged

<sup>1</sup> Thus, Garnet, speaking of the period just before the meeting of Parliament, said, "It is indeed true that I prayed for the success of *that business*; but I will tell them that I meant it in respect of some sharper laws, which I feared they would then make against Catholics, and *that will answer it well enough*." At the trial the phrases here italicized were altered respectively to "that great Action" (the term commonly used to describe the Plot) and "that answer shall serve well enough," which certainly suggests the idea of deceit.

<sup>2</sup> The spies in their reports observe more than once, that the two Fathers in their conferences "used no one word of godliness or religion or recommending themselves or their cause to God." Mr. Jardine further remarks (*Gunpowder Plot*, 203), "It is impossible to peruse the notes of these conferences without being struck with the remarkable fact, that although speaking the whole secrets of his heart unreservedly to his friend, Garnet does not utter a word in denial of his knowledge of the Plot and his acquiescence in it." These observations appear to exhibit more of *animus* against the Father, than of acumen. In the first place, the friends began their conferences by a very special act of religion—making their confessions to each other. In the second, it is an equally obvious remark that Father Garnet spoke no word to indicate his knowledge of and participation in the Plot; and whereas it is scarcely possible that criminal confederates should have spoken together without doing this, it would never occur to men conscious of their own and each other's innocence to interchange protestations on the subject. Mr. Jardine appears, moreover, to have forgotten that Garnet and Oldcome had been for more than a week shut up in the same hiding-hole at Hendlip, where, in the words of the former, "We were very merry and content within." They must, therefore, have had full opportunity for conversation on all topics.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Jardine in particular is positive on this point, but the force of his conclusion is much weakened by an incorrect assumption which he makes throughout, namely, that Greenway is the author of the MS. History of the Plot, to which he had access, and which he frequently quotes. This History, he argues, abounds in details which none but an accomplice could have known. As a matter of fact, Greenway's History (Stonyhurst MSS. A. iv. 11) is but an Italian version of a part of that written in English by Father Gerard, with additions here and there of the translator's own. As to Gerard, we have Mr. Gardiner's verdict (*History*, i. 243) that "there is strong reason to believe that he was not made acquainted with the particulars," while he himself fully explains whence he drew his materials.

confession of Bates—has been already examined,<sup>1</sup> and we have seen that there are grave reasons for doubting its authenticity, and were we to proceed to consider other documents of like import, we should have to travel over very similar ground, for the more explicit is a piece of evidence, the more certainly does it reveal on inspection dubious and questionable features. Moreover, were we to set altogether aside not only his own solemn protestations of his innocence,<sup>2</sup> but the testimony of Thomas Winter, who on the scaffold bore witness to it,<sup>3</sup> the guilt of Greenway would after all be that of an individual, and could not with any justice be held to incriminate the Catholic clergy or his religious brethren in general. We are told, by those most hostile to him,<sup>4</sup> that when he had escaped to the Continent, he was compelled to disavow and denounce the Plot, and disclaim all complicity, in order to retain the favour of the authorities at Rome, or of his own religious superiors. That he did so is, according to Mr. Jardine, a proof of his "hypocrisy and falsehood," but at least it serves to show how the Plot was regarded by those who required to be thus satisfied.<sup>5</sup>

The most convincing evidence, in truth, for the non-complicity of those who were chiefly accused, is to be found in their own private correspondence and that of their intimate friends, where we look in vain for any language in regard of the Plot but that of horror and detestation. Two instances may be cited from papers amongst our public records. In February, 1606, we find Father Schondonck, the Jesuit Rector of St. Omers, writing to Father Baldwin, S.J., at Brussels (who was declared to have been an accomplice of the conspirators, and whose surrender was therefore demanded from the Archduke), stigmatizing the design as an execrable crime, worthy of all condemnation, the work of a few desperadoes, which no man

<sup>1</sup> THE MONTH, January, 1895, "The Action of the Government."

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Jardine, while remarking that Greenway stigmatized the Plot in the strongest terms, quietly adds that no credit whatever is to be given to such language on his part.

<sup>3</sup> Father Gerard's *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, p. 220.

<sup>4</sup> Jardine, *Gunpowder Plot*, p. xiv.

<sup>5</sup> Greenway was made a Penitentiary of St. Peter's, which is often quoted as a proof of the high favour he contrived to obtain. The Earl of Castlemaine noticing a remark of Bishop Stillingfleet to this effect, speaks thus: "Who would not thinke that these high and mighty Preferments (mentioned with much a do) were worth at least 2,000 pound a yeare: whereas, Reader, you must know, to be the Pope's Penitentiary, St. Peter's or elsewhere, is to sit 6 or 7 houres together in a cold confession-seat, and then to have on's labour for on's paines." (*Catholic Apology*. Edit. 1674, p. 427.)

with a spark of Catholic feeling could tolerate, and with which he rejoices that none of the Society has been associated.<sup>1</sup> Similarly with regard to Captain Hugh Owen,<sup>2</sup> an Englishman serving the Archduke, who was declared by the English Government to be the most notorious of traitors, and against whom the evidence appears far stronger, in connection with the Plot, than against any other. To him the mysterious personage Thomas Phelippes, "the Decipherer," writes a familiar letter, in terms which appear strange to be addressed to one whose contradiction had been demanded on the score of his complicity, unless the writer was fully assured of the falsity of the charge: "There hath been, and yet is still great paynes taken to search to y<sup>e</sup> bottom of the late damnable conspiracy. The Parliamente hit seemes shall not be troubled with any extraordinarie course for their-exemplarye punishment, as was supposed upon the Kinges specche, but onely with their attaynder, the more is the pittye I saye."<sup>3</sup>

In a word, the conclusion which forces itself upon those who endeavour to search thoroughly into the history of the Plot, must be, that amidst bewildering obscurity we can make absolutely sure only of a point here and there, but that the significance of what we thus establish is always the same. Beyond the little band of manifest conspirators, we can be sure of the guilt of no one who was accused; but it is absolutely certain that on many points the Government asserted what they knew to be false. Moreover, all the points on which we can thus convict them have a direct bearing on that which was the main object towards which they worked, and which they strenuously declared to be proved, though it certainly was not, namely, the incrimination of representative members of the Catholic priesthood. The question naturally suggests itself: Had not this object, so earnestly desired, a vital connection with the origin of the Plot itself, by means of which it was to be attained? and is there not something more to be said regarding even those men who imagined themselves to be its originators? This we shall consider in a future paper.

J. G.

<sup>1</sup> S.P.O. *Dom. James I.* xviii. 97.

<sup>2</sup> Not "Father Hugh Owen, the Jesuit," as the Calendar of State Papers persistently styles him. Mr. Gardiner has been led into the same error.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* xvii. 62.

## *Mrs. Craven and her Works.*<sup>1</sup>

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[COMMUNICATED].

THAT the years fly rapidly along their course is as true now as in the old times when the words were first inscribed, "Yesterday for me, to-day for thee." With the passing days pass away also the friends, the acquaintance, and those with whose presence we may have been familiar, although they themselves were unknown ; and a generation is now growing to maturity which cannot remember a striking figure, one who at intervals, sometimes longer, sometimes shorter, frequented our London churches, more especially Farm Street, and who, even amongst the many devout and edifying worshippers to be seen there daily, arrested attention. There was an absorption, a concentration, an aloofness from this world and its distractions, in the appearance of this lady's devotion that seemed to give additional holiness to the hallowed spot where she knelt. Moreover, to the edification which her presence and her piety inspired, was added a feeling of pleasure and gratified taste. She brought with her a whiff of a beautiful past, the charm of which, though easily felt, it is hard to express in words. An old-world grace and dignity hung about her movements and gestures, a high-bred ease which, while giving geniality to her intercourse with others, effectually prevented any attempt at undue familiarity ; and her quiet and appropriate, but rich dress, spoke of a world not yet democratized and vulgarized. While watching this lady, one could not but feel something akin to exasperation at the levelling tendencies of our age, which, though they create no new form of beauty, would wish to destroy the charm of a refined past which it has taken generations to develop. She gave us a fresh distaste for the revolutionary temper of our day, and we were carried far away, back to the distant years, when

<sup>1</sup> *A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven* [Pauline de la Ferronnays], Author of *Le Récit d'une Sœur*. By Maria Catherine Bishop. In two Volumes. London : Bentley and Sons, 1894.

the life of the old *régime* of France, under its best aspects, was the life led by those who were the salt of the earth—when piety in itself possessed such a charm, was so closely united with all that is coveted by the worldly, that the only fear the high-born lady of old France need entertain, was that she so far differed from her Divine Master as to be well spoken of by men.

The discovery that this lady was none other than Mrs. Augustus Craven, was in itself a gratification. It fully justified the interest with which she had already been regarded. To be actually brought face to face with one of the actors in a book which had fascinated and enthralled us, as had the story of her family, we felt to be a privilege. To see in the flesh the Pauline de la Ferronnays to whom we were indebted for a work which perhaps more than any other literary triumph unites the beauties of earthly love with that which is heavenly, and which, whilst as interesting as a novel, is as soul-stirring as the Life of a Saint, was a great pleasure. When, too, some few years since, we learnt that the last link between this world and those loved ones, her *Santi*, as she was wont to call them, was snapt—that the touchingly portrayed family was again reunited, and that her place in our church was to know her no more, we realized that this world was the poorer by the loss of the saint which Heaven had gained, and that even in our well-loved Farm Street, there was a corner that was left sensibly blank.

It is both as the compiler of "A Sister's Story," and as herself one of the sisters whose story is told, that Mrs. Craven maintains her greatest hold on our attention, although she was much more besides. The very magnitude of the debt, however, which we owe her for that one book dwarfs her other claims; though we shall speak later on of her both as a writer and as a woman, it is with the *Récit d'une Sœur* that we must first concern ourselves, as the work on which rests her highest literary distinction. In one sense she is not its author; and in one of her letters she herself disclaims all title to authorship, and is ready to criticize it, as if concerned with an unknown writer. For Alexandrine is no creation of her fancy; nor did her love and Albert's owe their origin to the workings of Mrs. Craven's imagination; whilst the later developments of Alexandrine's union with and love for God are facts, beautiful in their true and hard reality, owing their existence alone to Divine grace, nobly and heartily corresponded with.

Yet, Mrs. Craven and her materials are so closely interwoven,

the quick eye and cunning hand which cause her to seize on and stereotype the greatest beauties in the lives and characters she is portraying, are so truly her own, that we feel that had it not been for Mrs. Craven, Alexandrine and Albert might have lived in vain; whilst the charm of the writing and the literary skill which places each member of her family in their true proportion and in an appropriate setting, are the result of the talent, the intelligence, and the care with which she has performed her labour of love.

Crowned by the French Academy, and having passed through not fewer than forty-three editions (1894) since its first publication, it would be incorrect to say that the *Récit d'une Sœur* has not been highly appreciated in Catholic France; yet, we venture to think that it is not in France, nor in any part of the Catholic world, that its greatest work has been accomplished. For, over and above the question of edification from which those of all creeds can profit, it has another and a very useful side, and in Protestant countries, perhaps most of all in our own land, it has served as a work of enlightenment. Published in 1866, England was then still living to some extent in darkness, insular in her prejudices, and painfully ignorant of Catholic truth and sentiment. So little was the Church then appreciated, that some few years before a leading statesman had not hesitated to describe her teaching as tending to "narrow the intellect and enslave the soul:" and this liberal and charitable announcement was allowed to pass without any serious challenge. After the publication of the *Récit*, this would hardly have been possible; for, the history of this one simple family, remarkable mainly for their Catholic faith and piety, for their deep and strong love for and loyalty to the Catholic Church, joined to great mental and moral endowments, stands forth as a living contradiction to the ignorant, malicious, and we may add, silly calumny of Lord John Russell. If in the de la Ferronnays family, and amongst its numerous members, any narrow intellects or enslaved souls can be detected, we shall stand rebuked; but of this we have little fear.

An enthusiastic admirer of the *Récit*, though one belonging to a very opposite school of thought, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, writes:

You know that, although I belonged and belong to a school of opinion widely different from that to which Mrs. Craven and those whose story she has told were so devoted, it would be hardly possible

for any one to admire her book more than I do. It seems to me that if the Catholic Church could say nothing more for itself than, "At least I produced the *Récit d'une Sœur*," it would have proved its right to be considered one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

The Catholic Church, no doubt, acknowledges and is grateful for every good work which her children can fulfil; and when Mrs. Craven tells us that such letters as the one she received from Sir Mountstuart, and the appreciation of her work by himself and others, fully repaid her for the struggle in which she overcame her natural repugnance to give publicity to her family history, and to allow the world to enter into and to share the most sacred and secret feelings of those so dear to her—the Church, too, will add her blessing, and bid her devoted child rejoice that in her day she had been allowed to "enlighten the eyes of those who sit in darkness." Yet, the main feeling amongst Catholics will hardly be one of gratitude for the warm reception accorded to the *Récit* by aliens; but rather, of astonishment at those who seem surprised that any good thing could "come out of Nazareth." No doubt the Catholic Church may rejoice at having formed these beautiful souls, and hallowed the touching story of an earthly love, and she may ask in a triumphant strain, if any but the true faith could show fruit like this? But let no outsider suppose that the de la Ferronnays family is an exception, or more than one amongst the thousands that "no man can number," which she is daily leading along the straight way which, though it may be narrow and hard in the beginning, soon, even in this world, widens into a fair plain, where Divine grace makes the path seem easy and broad.

It is for bringing this, the daily experience of multitudes, before an incredulous world, that we truly thank Mrs. Craven. To condense her achievement into a few words, she has, with infinite tact and sympathy, and with much literary ability, lifted the veil from one, and that a typical, family circle, a family in which the gift of the true faith was united to much charm and intelligence, and in which we find a high and elevated degree of holiness purified by severe sorrow and suffering. Mrs. Craven has allowed all men to be witnesses to the marvellous working of God's grace; and she herself has breathed through the story such an aroma of spiritual beauty as to compel even the enemies of the faith to admire its workings though they refuse to be convinced by that which they admire. And this we hold to be no small gain. In a material age like our own, Mrs. Craven

has shown to those who can understand the finer side of our nature, that after all that can be said for earthly bliss, for pure and innocent human happiness, there yet exists a higher joy for those who, losing all, find more than all that they have lost in the love of God. This is the main lesson of the *Récit d'une Sœur*, on which we must further enlarge.

Although greatly intermingled with other matter, and matter of deep and high interest, the main attraction of the book centres in the story of Alexandrine, a charming and loveable young Swedish Protestant, one of those whose natural piety and love of God tempt us to class her from the beginning amongst the holy ones who, though born outside the body of the Church, may yet claim to be united with their fellow-Christians in her soul. On terms of intimate friendship with Pauline de la Ferronnays and her sisters, she and their brother, Albert, become deeply attached to one another. This regard is fostered by constant intercourse amidst the romantic and lovely surroundings of Naples; is intensified by the opposition which, prompted by worldly prudence, is offered by Alexandrine's mother; and quickly ripens into passionate love. Over and above her strong affection for Albert, he possesses the additional attraction in Alexandrine's eyes of being a Catholic, and from the early chapters of the *Récit* this double claim on our interest, strikes the keynote of her history. Although not yet prepared to be united in faith with her lover, the Catholic Church has always greatly attracted her. Why, or wherefore she knows not, but she is drawn to our services and happy in our churches as she is nowhere else; and we feel that she would hardly have loved Albert so well had he belonged to her own communion. He is a loyal and consistent Catholic, in fact each may be said to be worthy of the other; and when, after a lengthy trial, the mother, being persuaded that it is a true attachment which she is opposing, consents to their union, and they are married, all around becomes smiling happiness, and it would almost seem as if we were again witnesses of the early bliss of Eden, and that no sorrow could touch these two whose human love was so doubly blest.

Ten days of unalloyed happiness are all that Alexandrine is allowed to enjoy. Then a faint anxiety, which soon turns to terrible anguish as she realizes that Albert's days are numbered, throws an ever-deepening shadow around her. For two years he lingers, two years it is true of trial, nursing, and wearing

anxiety, but two years of intense happiness compared to the desolation which follows on his death. Two years of true companionship which allowed of her fully realizing the happiness of a life spent by the side of a beloved and loving husband, during which she may be said to have truly tasted of the cup of human bliss, and then a blank—of joy given just for so long a time as to enable her to realize what human joy can mean, and then withdrawn. In one incident of her long watching by Albert's death-bed, we have the answer as to how Alexandrine bears her trial. As already said, she had from her early youth been drawn towards the Church, and had loved to linger on its threshold; but even when married to a Catholic, a want of thorough conviction of the truth, and her attachment to her mother had caused her to hesitate, and until the moment when assured that Albert's recovery is despaired of, she had taken no steps to become one with him in the faith. But, at the moment when God tried her most severely, when she is told to forego all hope, then her loving Heavenly Father, whilst on the one hand taking from her all earthly happiness, offers her in its place the true faith and a home in His Church—and she readily seizing the grace offered, and even then realizing the great gain of the exchange, exclaims: "*Maintenant, je suis Catholique.*"

Long years roll by, years in which sorrow follows on sorrow, and loss upon loss in Alexandrine's life, each awakening the sense of desolation which followed on Albert's death, and opening afresh the wound which refused to be healed; yet years in which she has been advancing with rapid strides along the way of holiness, following ever more closely in the steps of the Master, growing nearer and yet nearer in her likeness to Him, until her whole soul is transfigured, and this world and its pain are completely swallowed up in the spiritual joys with which God even here below will repay those who trusting themselves to Him, ask no more than to know and do His will. Although it be rather long, we cannot refrain from quoting the last scene between Pauline Craven and Alexandrine. It will serve a double purpose; for, whilst telling us in touching and pathetic language of God's marvellous dealings with a soul, and showing us how the greatest earthly trials are truly the blessings which transform us into the likeness of our Saviour, it will illustrate what has been said above. The passage is one of so much literary beauty, that we venture to think it has never

been surpassed and seldom equalled in any literature. It is a worthy example of Mrs. Craven's powers, and had she written no other page, the description of her last meeting with Alexandrine would alone have merited for her a place of high distinction. The passage which, although the translation leaves nothing to be desired, yet, of course, cannot convey the perfection of the original French, is thus introduced by Mrs. Bishop :

In 1847, Mr. Craven was for some months private secretary to Lord Normanby in Paris, and on July 13 occurred that scene at Boury which Mrs. Craven describes at p. 391, vol. ii., of *Le Récit d'une Sœur*. It has the light on it of another world, the light which shone at Ostia on St. Augustine and his mother, Monica, and which Ary Scheffer has painted with at least a suggestion of its intense and passionate mysticism. As the passage remains, a monument of genius winged to the highest flight by faith, it was written down next day in Mrs. Craven's Journal. It is subjoined for readers not already acquainted with it :

"The eve of my departure from Boury, July 13, 1847, we went to the cemetery, as usual, to pray by the side of our two dear graves. Alexandrine knelt on the stone which covers both Albert's tomb and the resting-place which, for the last twelve years, had been marked out for her; while I knelt near Olga's grave. It was a warm and lovely evening. When we left the cemetery, we chose the longest way home, and walked slowly back. It was natural that on that beautiful evening, after our visit to the churchyard, and alone with me, Alexandrine should dwell on the thoughts always uppermost in her mind. For my part, I liked better than anything else to hear her speak of God and her own soul, and lost no opportunity in drawing out her thoughts, for they always did me so much good.

"As we left a cornfield, and came upon the road leading to the house, I stood still a moment to look at the sky, where the sun was setting in the midst of so radiant a glory that the whole dreary landscape looked beautiful in its light. I said to Alexandrine, 'I love the time of sunset.' 'I do not,' she replied; 'since my troubles'—an expression she very seldom used—'since my troubles, the sunset has had a mournful effect upon me. It ushers in the night, and I do not like the night-time. I like the morning and the time of spring, for these are what most typify to me the realities of eternal life. Night is the symbol of darkness and sin; evening makes me think that everything draws to an end; and both of these are sad. But the morning and the spring remind me that everything will wake up and be born again. That is what I love.'

"We walked on, and just as we had passed through the gate, she said: 'Try and throw yourself into the thought that everything that gives us such pleasure on earth is absolutely nothing but a shadow, and that the reality of it all is in Heaven. After all, is not to love—to love,

the sweetest thing on earth? Is it not, then, easy to believe that to love *Love itself* must be the perfection of all sweetness? And to love Jesus Christ is nothing else when we learn to love Him absolutely as we love on earth. I should never have been comforted if I had not learnt that that kind of love really exists and lasts for ever.'

"We sat down on a bench, still conversing. A little while after Alexandrine got up to gather a spray of jessamine which clothed the wall. She gave me the spray, and then stood before me with a little sprig of it in her hand, continuing the conversation. I had said to her, 'It is a great blessing that you can love God in that way?' She answered *mê* in words and with an expression and bearing which must always remain imprinted on my mind: 'Oh, Pauline, how can I help loving God? How can I help being carried away when I think of Him? How can I even have any merit in it like the merit of faith, when I think of the miracle which He has wrought in my soul? when I feel that after having so loved and so earnestly desired this world's happiness, after having possessed it and lost it, and been drowned in the very depths of despair, my soul is now transformed, and so full of happiness that all I have ever known or imagined is nothing—absolutely *nothing*—in comparison?'

"Surprised to hear her speak in this way, I said, 'But if life with Albert, such as you dreamed, were placed before you, and it were promised you for a length of years——?' She answered without the least hesitation, '*I would not take it back.*'"

We feel that perhaps we ought to say no more. Our words are poor and halting after the true beauty of this quotation. Yet we cannot dismiss the *Récit* without an allusion to Eugénie, the sister to whom Alexandrine clung most closely after Albert's death, and to whose deep spiritual nature and lively piety we cannot but think her advancement in holiness owed much. We can give ourselves the pleasure to do little more than name the beautiful soul that cheered, comforted, and encouraged Alexandrine in her darkest hours; but the story of the lives of the two sisters in the Normandy *château* may well help those who also are bowed down with grief, and know not which way to turn for comfort; and it is not amongst the lesser sorrows of Alexandrine's life that we must rank the loss of Eugénie, who follows Albert to an early grave. It is no doubt her deeply religious nature which is Eugénie's first claim to our regard; but we cannot leave her altogether without a word of admiration for the literary talent which she exhibits in her letters, of which the *Récit* contains a considerable number. Amongst the writers are Montalembert and other names of European distinction; and yet Eugénie's letters may fairly

claim favourable comparison with any in the book. Perhaps we do wrong in drawing any line between Eugénie's piety and her literary capacity. At any rate, Mrs. Craven did not do so; for, when what we have just said was brought before her, and she was asked to explain how it came to pass that the writing of a simple girl equalled that of men of note and celebrity, her answer was: *Plus le style est près de la pensée, plus la pensée est près de l'âme, plus l'âme est près de Dieu, plus tout cela est beau.* And we may add our own agreement with this suggestive thought. Where God's abiding presence is part of our every word and thought, where He reigns supreme in a soul and every earthly wish or feeling is in complete subordination to His will and ordering, then the spiritual beauty which results from our holiness will find its reflex in much that claims the admiration of many who are ignorant of its cause. We feel convinced that the grace of Eugénie's soul was not only to be discovered in the perfection of her literary powers, but must have shone forth in her very countenance, and made all who looked into her calm sweet face, long to look again.

The *Récit d'une Sœur*, however, carried us no further than 1848, when Alexandrine and Albert were again united, she having even then outlived nearly all those she loved on earth. Only Pauline Craven remained, and to her fell the task, which she generously fulfilled, of rescuing from oblivion the memory of those holy lovers and kindred souls. She outlived them all by over forty years, and it was a legitimate curiosity which made us anxious to learn how they had been passed, and "what befell Pauline when her life was thus swept by sorrow, as a garden is swept by repeated storms"? Life, however, must be taken up again; a poorer, emptier life, it is true; yet one which it was God's will that she should live; and when God spoke, we feel sure that Pauline listened. To Mrs. Bishop, a friend of later years, we are indebted for the answer, and in her words we learn how: "Faithful to God's will as she was, and most practically Christian in her estimate of external things, Mrs. Craven turned to the duties of life, and to its pleasures as they came to her in God's providence."

We look on the volumes before us, therefore, as a necessary sequence to the "Sister's Story." The two are so closely interwoven that we can truly say that without a familiar knowledge of the latter, Mrs. Craven's Life cannot be appreciated; and that, on the other hand, the *Récit* is incomplete

without any further account of the later years of her whose literary genius and loving memory gave to it so great a value and attraction.

It is hardly necessary to recapitulate the history of Pauline Craven's early years. The eldest daughter of a distinguished French Royalist, she enjoyed to its full measure her youth, passed at the Courts of Paris and of St. Petersburg, where M. de la Ferronnays was Ambassador; and for too short a time of Rome, where, when only just installed in the same position, her father, in 1830, shared the fate of his Royal master, and fell from power never again to be reinstated. From Rome the family moved to Naples, which for several winters they made their home, spending the intervening summers amongst the beauties of its surroundings; and not only was Naples the scene of Alexandrine and Albert's love story, as we stated above, but here, too, Pauline experienced the romance of her life, and her marriage with Mr. Craven followed shortly on theirs.

In early life Mr. Craven was employed in English diplomacy, and he and his wife necessarily were unable to enjoy a fixed home, for any length of time, in any one place. When free, they again turned their steps towards Naples, attracted not only by its beauties and Mr. Craven's family connections, but, we may well suppose also, drawn thither by the memory of the happy days spent there with Alexandrine and Eugénie, both of whom were now no more. Though Naples may be called the home of Mrs. Craven's middle life, it was far from being spent there altogether. As she herself tells us, she seemed so closely identified with three countries as to experience a species of home-sickness for the other two, whenever she was in either one. French by parentage, Italian by taste and residence, English by birth, marriage, and sympathy, it is hard to say to which country she belonged most nearly. We English may flatter ourselves that, after all, with us lay her keenest interest and deepest affection—indeed, on some points she may be called *plus Anglaise que les Anglais*; and probably had it not been for the disappointment which befell Mr. Craven when he failed to obtain permanent work in English public life, her days would have been passed entirely amongst us. As it was, she spent long months in England visiting friends, mainly people of intellect and importance; and her letters bear witness to the closeness with which she followed English politics and how greatly they interested her, so greatly indeed, that her attitude

on some burning questions was that of a partisan rather than that of the proverbial outsider who sees most of the game.

And as she may claim to be the countrywoman of three different nations, so also we think she may be described as a vivid manifestation of three distinct forms of personality—of personalities so diverse that those who knew her chiefly in any one character, found it difficult to believe how truly and essentially she was all three. Mrs. Craven can truly be called a woman of the world, of letters, and of God. No doubt the second characteristic is easily associated with both the first and the last ; but, are these two capable of being so harmonized as to form the true music of a life? Must not worldliness jar with holiness, can God and mammon both be notes in one chord? We have high authority for saying they cannot. When, therefore, we call Mrs. Craven a true woman of the world, we do so in a sense of our own, and mainly in order to meet half-way a criticism which assails her memory and is uttered chiefly by those, living in the world, who knew her only in London society. These were generally of an alien creed to Mrs. Craven's, and as a rule, though it be said in no unkind spirit, would have been entirely unable to sympathize with, or even to understand, the finer and more spiritual sides of her nature ; and were such as appreciated mainly her many intellectual and social gifts, and those talents which made her so great a drawing-room favourite. We confess to a certain amount of impatience as we listen to such superficial criticism, feeling inclined to echo the old complaint : "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced ; we have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented." Had Mrs. Craven's religious side been over-prominent in her intercourse with the London world, or during her visits to such houses as Broadlands in Lord Palmerston's day, let us say from 1850 to 1860, would she not have been considered a tiresome and injudicious proselytizer? But, because she had sufficient tact to allow her religion to become popular only by the quiet grace which exhaled from herself, and by the influence she thus exercised on those around her, though they were unconscious of its source—some would have us believe it was the world that really and truly held her affections, and that religion, far from being the motive power of her whole existence, was added merely as an external and æsthetic charm ; which her good taste perceived to be needed to complete the perfect picture even of a

*grande dame*. In a word, it is Mrs. Craven's cleverness more than her saintliness that they admit and admire.

We have no wish to enlarge on this point ; but we will refer such cavillers to the volumes before us, the main contents of which, as far as they are Mrs. Craven's, it must be remembered were written without a thought that they would meet a stranger's eye. If, after reading her *Life*, they are not converted to the view that, however richly Mrs. Craven may have been endowed with intellectual and social grace, her spiritual gifts and her religious intensity and aspirations rise higher even than these, no words of ours will move them.

When we turn to Mrs. Craven as a writer, we find few to differ from us in our estimate of her talent, and it is generally allowed that in her own line, though it may be somewhat limited, she has seldom been rivalled. Of her *opus magnum* we have already spoken ; she has besides written three or four tales, a volume of her *Reminiscences*, also one of *Meditations*, the *Life* of a friend, and some others. From her early youth she had played with her pen ; but, till later years, merely as a means of edifying others ; and in her great work, in order to immortalize her *Santi*. In 1870, however, a sudden loss of fortune, of which we shall speak later on, obliged her to employ her literary talents as a means of increasing her income. In October of that year she writes : " It has suddenly become a matter of quite unexpected importance to me to publish what I write ; " and she takes immediate steps to give to the world the charming story of *Fleurange*, of which she was then writing the concluding pages. This was followed by *Le mot de l'Enigme*, *Eliane*, and later on by *Le Valbriant*—her last novel—all tales which may truly be said to fulfil the object with which in early days she had written her first romance, " Anne Severin," viz., to produce stories of so healthy and wholesome a character as to allow of their being placed in the hands of all who might desire innocent recreation, in fact, novels " written after the English rather than the French style."

Space forbids our doing more than name these books, and any detailed account of them is impossible ; but we crave indulgence for a few words on *Fleurange*, a work which in some passages carries us back to the beauties of the *Récit*, and in which Mrs. Craven's power to profit by her experiences and to harmonize the rich material at her disposal is evident. Moreover, in *Fleurange*, on two separate occasions, Mrs. Craven

finds scope for the play of an exceptional and great gift which was hers, and which, though it is difficult exactly to define it in words, makes itself felt when we read her descriptions of various scenes in different countries. Owing, no doubt in some degree, to the cosmopolitan life which had become to her a second nature, Mrs. Craven seems able mentally to grasp the very spirit, the innermost character of the land which may be the local setting of her heroine's action, and to bring before us the beauties and grandeur of the hills, or the tame monotony of the dull plains, equally with the azure heavens or leaden skies of the spot with which for the moment we are occupied. Thus we read a description of Fleurange's journey in Italy—we close our eyes and, if we are amongst the happy ones to whom that well-loved country ever appeals as a second home, we find ourselves suddenly transported far from our gray surroundings and travelling by her side. We somehow *feel* Italy in our inner self, though we may be sitting in a London fog. We almost scent the fragrant vines, as with Fleurange we mount the hill, mingling with the aromatic pine which yields a pungent odour under the hot southern sun, the strength of which is unknown in northern lands—whilst before our mind's eye rises a typical Italian landscape. We seem to see the rich foreground, where three luxuriant crops are so often to be found growing together on the fertile soil, not struggling with one another for the mastery, but each expanding to its full, nourished by earth rich enough to support all three, the corn, the vine, and the mulberry-tree, the branches of this last serving a double purpose, and beyond the valued leaves which it shoots forth, forming a support for the tendrils of the clinging vine. We see white houses scantily supplied with windows, shaded by green shutters, either dazzling in the sun, or hidden by a blacker shadow than can be produced by our northern light, with picturesque, though may be untidy, surroundings. We seem with Fleurange to be driving along the dusty road; with her to be tantalized by the high walls which so often in Italy confine our view; with her again to enjoy the glorious distance, which a gap here and there will disclose, the white-crested mountains, snowy on their summits, then the white shading into blue, faint at first, but fast growing into a brilliant azure, which again fades gradually into the verdant green of the plain below. Then again as we near the church and convent we seem to hear the bell ring out the Angelus, it may be a bell of somewhat harsh

and tuneless sound, as bells in Italy are apt to be. We see the nuns dismissing the children, and hear the cries and shouts of the little ones, as released from school, they dash pell-mell down the hill-side through the olive-groves and vineyards, along the narrow stony paths to their homes below; and the bell and the voices bring to our ears as distinctly the feeling of Italy, as have Mrs. Craven's few words, and they are very few, brought before our mind's eye, the beauty of an Italian landscape on a summer's day.

Then, later on, we turn to another scene in Fleurange's chequered life. We find her on the banks of the Necker, living under the shadow of the old Castle of Heidelberg; and if her visit to the Italian convent carried us mentally into the very heart of Italy, here, in a few graphic words, Mrs. Craven transports us into Germany. We feel able to seize on and interpret the innermost spirit of the Fatherland, and the more attractive Fatherland, too, of some fifty years ago, before military success had engendered great commercial prosperity, and the simplicity of German life had been as completely destroyed by modern luxury, as is the beauty of her romantic rivers by high chimneys, factories, and mining operations. We can here say nothing of the charming Christmas scene, with its richly-laden Christmas-tree and innocent gaiety, which alone causes the German spirit to throb within our veins. We turn rather to another, which though some may think it less attractive, yet to those who, in bygone years, have known Germany, is most characteristic. Moreover, it possesses the charm of the past and of all we have known in our youth, a charm, it may be, only of the imagination, which, forgetting all the discomfort of the reality, sees only the attractive beauty of the wintry picture as on a canvas.

We see Fleurange on a dim winter morning with snow on the ground and snow falling fast around her, as thickly clothed in cloak and hood she goes forth to early Mass in the old Gothic church close at hand. The church is dark, so dark that she can barely see to tread her way along the aisle; indeed it would be in absolute darkness were it not for the primitive custom which allows each worshipper to bring with him a lantern or a bit of candle. We see Fleurange kneeling on her chair, her profile lit up by her neighbour's light, the devout quiet and calm of her whole appearance in harmony with the peaceful scene around her, differing so widely from the excitable

South; but speaking to us as truly of the dark and wintry North, as does Fleurance's journey through the sunny vineyards bring Italy before us—the cold North, it is hard to say why, invested with a charm, which though it cannot be accurately described, Mrs. Craven's magic words can truly create.

There is another side to Mrs. Craven, which no one professing to criticize the volume before us can leave unnoticed. Passing events both in Church and State had a great interest for her, and four times in her life she comes before us as a keen partisan, and from our point of view, we regret to say, not as an enlightened or an unprejudiced one. Specially do we take exception to her attitude during the exciting months of the winter of 1870 in Rome. To some extent, her views may be accounted for by her early association with the leaders of Catholic Liberalism. It may have been difficult for her to differ from Montalembert, the dear "Montal" of the *Récit*, the devoted friend of Albert and Alexandrine. Yet a zealous and well-instructed Catholic ought to have been more instinctively alarmed by some of his utterances, than appears to have been the case with Mrs. Craven. The years between 1860 and 1870 were years of struggle. Two opposing views of the claims of the Papacy were engaged in conflict within the Church; and it is certain that in a battle between those whose whole heart and soul are deeply stirred by the combat, on both sides a vehemence of temper and much heated language will be engendered, which, when the tempest is followed by a calm, both sides will agree in regretting. When, therefore, Mrs. Craven confines her blame to the upholders of Papal Infallibility, and implies that it is only Veuillot and his friends who argue in "an odious and un-Christian manner," she proclaims herself a mere partisan. Moreover, she ignores completely the dangers that beset the very foundation of the faith from many of the principal supporters of the Opposition. It is true that in England the *Rambler*, the organ of Liberal Catholic thought in those years, had already been silenced by authority; but, with Mrs. Craven's thorough knowledge of our country, she must have known that many of its writers, through other channels, were still busy propagating views which, if not actually heretical, sailed too near the wind to be accepted by any Catholic who was loyal and true. Again, she passes unnoticed the highly dangerous address of Montalembert at

the Catholic Congress of Malines in 1863,<sup>1</sup> when he proclaimed views on the position of Church and State and on liberty of conscience which were completely out of harmony with Catholic thought. Nor was Mrs. Craven, in 1870, more alive to the drift of Dr. Döllinger's teaching. In the event, we gladly own, that she condemns him and his schism as severely as could be wished; but to the danger which lurked in his earlier addresses and in the attitude of the whole Munich school, she seems strangely and wrongly indifferent. Perhaps the answer to our criticism is contained in the simple fact that we are writing of a woman, a true and loving woman, and therefore one who was mainly swayed by her affections; and though we maintain, albeit Mrs. Bishop would minimize her attitude, that she was an excited and heated member of a mistaken party, we have no wish to meet out to her the blame richly deserved by many of those with whom she sympathized. From one point of view, it is with real pleasure that we identify Mrs. Craven with the Opposition; as the stronger, at one period, was her feeling against the definition of Papal Infallibility, the greater merit may she claim for her unquestioning and complete acceptance of the dogma when the Church finally spoke. In July she writes:

Yes, it was a blow and a trial for which I was not prepared, because I had convinced myself that the doctrine was not true. On that point I see I was mistaken, . . . and our look-out is to conquer the feeling (to reject it) with simplicity and humility, and to agree with the Church. . . . My own duty is to submit to it (the Definition), and to compel my pride and my feelings to admit that those whom I disliked were in the right, and those whom I most loved and revered were in the wrong.

Such hearty retraction and submission disarms criticism, and cancels much that went before; and when, as the years passed on, Döllinger affords us ample proof that his claim to be considered a Catholic must have ceased even before 1870, Mrs. Craven takes a true and loyal view of his action, and reckons at its proper value the schismatical party in Germany which claimed him as its leader.

We fail, however, to find any signs of retraction in the matter of Italian liberty and unity, with which, during her life

<sup>1</sup> On this question the reader may consult chapter vii. in the *Life* of the late Dr. Ward, by his son, Wilfrid Ward.

at Naples, Mrs. Craven had sympathized. She died in 1891, and thus may be said to be amongst those who "rocked the cradle and followed the hearse" of the Italian movement, and knew all that it had involved. We can believe that her sympathy for the people may have been aroused by the despotic and somewhat cruel government of the Bourbons at Naples; and that some change was required few deny. But, when the flood-gates of revolutionary destruction were opened widely; when the red spectre became an alarming reality; when convents were ransacked, their inmates were dispersed, and their lands confiscated; when churches were desecrated and their priests driven out, as was the case from the foot of the Alps to the furthest corner of Sicily, between 1860 and 1875—then the voice of fiery indignation, which Mrs. Craven well knew how to raise, ought to have been heard; and she, who claimed Italy as one of her three Fatherlands, ought to have wept aloud for the sins of her adopted country. Her silence is altogether inexplicable; and the more so, as she truly feels and laments over the lesser, though sufficiently bad, crimes of Republican France, and shows genuine and true anger at the persecution of the Church in her own Paris.

One result of the Cravens' sympathy with Italian national aspirations had inconvenient and trying consequences. Mr. Craven, in his anxiety to assist the revival of Italian activity, was induced to invest a considerable part of his comfortable fortune in a scheme for providing Naples with a better water supply. This was probably but one of a vast number of ephemeral schemes for the development of the country, which, in those years, were being energetically pushed forward by speculative promoters, and which, Italy not being a land of great capitalists, were mainly floated with the money of foreigners. How unattractive to Mrs. Craven were dreams of speculation and greater wealth can be well imagined. Till now, though not wealthy, their income had sufficed for all their wants, and we hear no word of anxiety as to their pecuniary position. We easily believe that Mrs. Craven would ask no more; and we can echo the feelings of a de la Ferronnays when she writes:

The path we are following with feverish anxiety is not our way, the way we have hitherto followed; and I sometimes ask myself how it will end. Towards wealth or ruin? We were born to go in search of other ideals, and the millions flashed before me do not attract me.

In the end, the usual fate of amateur financing befell Mr. Craven ; and we are told that all that remained to him from his efforts to supply Naples with wholesome water, "was a scholarly and interesting memorandum of the lost river" which supplied the town with water in old Roman days, and the recovery of which was to have endowed its discoverers with the millions which Mrs. Craven wisely never coveted.

It was some years before the final crash came, and when in 1870 Mrs. Craven had to face the total loss of fortune, we find that her courage never failed, and that her resignation to the more humiliating trial of poverty was as complete as it had shown itself when God had taken her loved ones from her by death. In the spring of that year she made a retreat in Rome, and from the entries in her note-book we can gather a true picture of the state of her mind. The constant change of abode and the uncertainty as to where to fix their home, had hitherto been a heavy trial to her restful disposition ; now she writes :

A while ago I was uncertain about the place where my future was to be spent. I drifted from home to home, and vexed myself because I was obliged to leave each place as soon as I began to like it. To-day no home anywhere on earth is mine.

And again :

I will wait cheerfully on events as they come from God's beloved hand. As for the future which appears to menace us, I hope God will help us, though I cannot guess how ; and if my worst forecasts be fulfilled, I ask of Him the strength to bear all.

Finally, before returning to the world, she makes an act of complete submission to the Divine will :

I have well considered the things I am about to lose, many of which I have lost already. I sincerely offer to Thee, my God, all material possessions, and I offer also this sense of poverty.

And God did help them ; and though for the future their means were greatly crippled, they were spared the trial of absolute poverty. Mr. Craven was able successfully to revive a claim, which had been his father's, to a small annuity from a German court, and thus saved his wife from the pain of being dependent on others, or from the discomfort of any severe deprivation.

Though still frequently visiting other countries, the Cravens' latter years were spent mainly in Paris. On the occasion of

one of their yearly visits to Switzerland, Mrs. Craven is called on to suffer the crowning loss of her life, and after some weeks' illness Mr. Craven dies, thus leaving her alone to face the last few years on earth. She now has outlived all her early ties; and though fresh ones were ever being formed, they were of slighter texture, and this last blow must have made her realize that the final link which bound her to this world had broken at last, and that the few years during which she still must linger amongst us, would be years of eager longing to join them above. She herself compares her life to a lengthy visit paid to a church, a church brightly illuminated when first she enters, but in which she stays sufficiently long to see each candle extinguished in turn, and but for one steady flame for ever burning before the Blessed Sacrament, she would be in utter darkness. And the metaphor is a true one; for her story is one of constant sorrow and loss, and no year seems to pass unsaddened by the death of some one dear to her. Whether they be young or old, she outlives them all—her child-love, Lina, equally with her aged friend and councillor, Madame Swetchine. And yet, though thus so often called upon to mourn, the Divine light shines through all her grieving, and we are edified witnesses to a cheerful spirit of Christian resignation, which, whilst far from fostering any selfish indifference, yet keeps her trials from becoming a burden to others. We find no sign of morose repining. She accepts each sorrow as coming straight from God, and as a stepping-stone to closer union with Him; she bows down in submission to His Divine will; and then again, she walks cheerfully forward along the path to which He has called her.

From the earliest record of her youth, when as she emerged from the Roman Catacombs, she felt vibrating through her veins the true enthusiasm of the youthful Christian martyrs, in whose very footprints she was stepping, to the last scene in her Paris home, where she lay helpless and speechless, though not—to the credit of this generation be it said—friendless, yet bereft of all those loved ones most nearly her own, we find the same keynote, the love of God and submission to His will. And may it not be, that the martyrdom which, with girlish enthusiasm, she could envy the early martyrs was vouchsafed to her? God deals different measure to different ages, and whilst in our own day He seldom asks for the proof of devotion gladly given by these last, to-day He will often send long years of sorrow which

we are tempted to think a heavier trial, than the moments of rapturous torture which opened Heaven to the saints of old. And in spite of Mrs. Craven's social success, her literary triumphs, and the love of many friends, there runs a note of sorrow through her Journal, the truest mirror of her own real self, which forces us to place her amongst those on whom God's hand has rested heavily. It is, moreover, through this note that we find ourselves most nearly drawn towards her; and it is this which makes us value her Journal immeasurably higher than the other mediums through which we are allowed to know her. Her letters are pleasant reading, and her conversation was sparkling and brilliant, yet in both she stands forth principally as the agreeable and talented woman of the world. In her Journal and Meditations we penetrate further and deeper; in these we are admitted behind the veil, and are able to follow the innermost workings of her soul; there we learn the true lesson of her life and recognize the presence of a saint.

Eighty-three long years she lived, years chequered with various turns of fortune, yet years during which, though the spirit may have developed, it never changed. The gay young girl at the Court of St. Petersburg, and the saddened and aged lady in a small *appartement* in Paris, are in essence one and the same, one in their love of God, one in their loyalty to His Church. If Mrs. Craven, in this distracting age, stands forth as one the beauty of whose soul those of every creed admit, may not the Church proudly echo back her own words, and say: "It is all owing to the religion in which happily (she) was born." Can any doubt it? Theologians teach us that high above all other notes of the true Church, shines forth the note of sanctity; and if any would deny that it is in the Catholic Church we perceive it most brightly, let us refer them to the story of Mrs. Craven and her sisters. There, in words spoken shortly after the death of the former, they will realize that,

When in after-times the Christian apologists of the day are counted, it will doubtless be found, that it was a simple woman, without pretensions to theological learning, who best knew how to raise an imperishable monument to her faith, and hers were the passing and delicate materials of smiles, of kisses, and of tears.

## *Catholic Writers and Elizabethan Readers.*

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### III.—FATHER SOUTHWELL, THE POPULAR POET.

*Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears*, the first of Southwell's published writings, was printed, it has been said, in 1591. As is shown by the rough draught of the discourse amongst the Stonyhurst MSS., which differs greatly from the text finally given to the world, much pains must have been taken in its composition. The dedication to Mistress D. A. (Dorothy Arundel), at whose suggestion it was written, shows that it was composed after Father Southwell's arrival in England, but it must have been widely disseminated in manuscript copies before 1591, for in his "Address to the Reader" the author speaks thus:

And if necessity (the lawless patron of enforced actions) had not more prevailed than choice, this work, of so different a subject from the usual vein, should have been no eye-sore to those that are pleased with worse matters. Yet sith the copies flew so fast and so false abroad, that it was in danger to come corrupted to the print, it seemed a less evil to let it fly to common view in the native plume and with its own wings, than disguised in a coat of a bastard feather, or cast off from the fist of such a corrector as might haply have perished the sound, and impeded<sup>1</sup> in some sick and sorry feathers of his own fancies.

This clearly means that if the author himself had not in some sense authorized an edition, the work, as in the case of Father Parsons' *Resolution*, would have been printed without scruple by any printer who secured a copy. However, Father Southwell probably had friends who were intimate with the

<sup>1</sup> This elaborate metaphor from the science of falconry shows that the lessons of Father John Gerard had not been wholly thrown away upon his companion. To *imp* (i.e. graft) was the technical term used for supplying artificially the wing-feathers of a hawk which had been accidentally lost or broken. Cf. Shakespeare—

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing.  
(*Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 1.)

To *perish* is of course here used transitively.

publisher, Gabriel Cawood,<sup>1</sup> then a warden of the Stationers' Company; in consequence of which we meet with the following entry in their Register for November 8, 1591:

Master Cawood. Entred for his copie [*i.e.* entred as a book belonging to him] under the hand of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. A booke entituled, *Mary Magdalen's Funerall Teares.* . . . . . vid.

We may doubt whether the Archbishop of Canterbury had any notion that he was setting his hand to the work of a Jesuit, then hiding in peril of his life, but the permission given, the book was soon printed and in circulation before the end of the same year. A second edition was published in 1594, still in Father Southwell's lifetime, and I am doubtful about another in 1596. Leaving this out of account, there was a third in 1602, a fourth in 1607, a fifth in 1609, after which time it was frequently printed with the poems, as in the Douai editions of 1616 and 1620, and in those of London of 1620, 1630, 1634, &c.

*Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears* was the best known of Father Southwell's prose works, and the only one printed by Protestant publishers during his lifetime. His *Triumphs over Death*, another highly elaborated little tractate exhibiting similar traces of Euphuism, was issued by Valentine Simms in 1595, and again in 1596. It is interesting for the open way in which the name of the author, who had suffered at Tyburn only eight months before, is published to all the world both in an acrostic prefixed to the discourse, and by the explicit mention of him as "our second Ciceronian, Southwell." A certain John Trussel in a verse address to the reader shows some consciousness of the existence of possible cavillers:

Yet if perhaps our late sprung sectaries  
Or for a fashion bible-bearing hypocrites  
Whose hollow hearts do seem most holy-wise.  
*Do for the author's sake the work despise,*  
I wish them weigh the work and not who writes.

Trussel also describes the *Triumphs* as the "first of Southwell's quill," if so, it must have circulated for many years in MS.

<sup>1</sup> Gabriel Cawood had no doubt some kind of understanding with the purchasers of Catholic literature. In the examination of William Wiseman of Braddox, in 1579, being asked to give an account of a Latin work by Father Jerome Platus, S.J., on the Religious State, found in his possession, he admitted that the book was his own, and bought in Cawood's shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, and that he had procured divers copies of it during the previous two years to send off to friends. (State Papers, *Domes. Eliz.* vol. 248, n. 36.) G. Cawood was also the publisher of Lyly's *Euphues*, and Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. After his death, W. Leake succeeded to his place of business, and also published many Catholic books.

Passing over the *Epistle of Comfort*, the *Short Rule of Good Life*,<sup>1</sup> and the *Humble Supplication to Her Majesty*,<sup>2</sup> which were only printed abroad or surreptitiously, we may turn now to our author's poetical compositions. It is by these that Father Southwell is best remembered, and they had from the beginning an even greater and more immediate sale than anything he wrote in prose. It is difficult to be quite certain, but there seem to have been fifteen or sixteen editions printed of *St. Peter's Complaint*, his principal poem, in less than forty years. There were at least two London editions in 1595,<sup>3</sup> the year of his martyrdom, another in 1597, another in 1599, and again in 1602. In Edinburgh an undated edition was issued by R. Waldegrave, a publisher whose extreme Puritan views had caused the suppression of the printing establishment which he previously owned in London. Subsequently to 1602,<sup>4</sup> there was an enlarged London edition printed with a specially engraved title-page which served, it would appear, for at least two distinct impressions. Then there were two Douai editions in 12mo which included some of the prose works. There were also other London editions greatly augmented in 1616, 1630, and 1634, and another Edinburgh edition also of 1634. Of the *Mazonia*, or supplementary poems besides the edition of 1595, there seem to have been editions in 1596 and 1598.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for introducing here a few remarks of a purely bibliographical character, but they are necessary to explain the doubt which I have implied whether the editions named really represent all that were published. To read the bibliographical descriptions of the different issues, one

<sup>1</sup> This is entered in the Stationers' Registers, Nov. 25, 1598, under the name of the bookseller, John Wolfe, but I have not been able to hear of any copy avowedly printed in London. The copies in the Lambeth Library and in the Bodleian have no indication of place or printer's name.

<sup>2</sup> This seems not to have been printed until 1600, as will be mentioned further on.

<sup>3</sup> Of the two editions of *St. Peter's Complaint* published in 1595, that printed by Wolfe can hardly be subsequent to Cawood's edition. The text of the former is much the more inaccurate, and it transposes sixteen stanzas quite out of their proper order, which is correctly given in the latter. I am indebted to his Lordship the Bishop of Portsmouth for the use of his most interesting copy of this rare first impression.

<sup>4</sup> Of this edition Mr. Grosart remarks: "It is without date, but I assign it, after careful thought, to 1596 (early)." *Pace* Mr. Grosart this suggestion is quite inadmissible for a variety of reasons; the most conclusive being that "the Signe of the Holy Ghost in Paule's Churchyard," where this work was published, was not occupied by W. Leake, whose name the edition bears, until after the decease of G. Cawood, in 1602.

might be tempted at first sight to conclude from the identity of paging, &c., that those of 1595, 1597, 1599, &c., were really one and the same impression, sent out with different title-pages; but this is not the case. The fact is that in setting up verse from a printed copy, the compositors found it convenient to follow exactly the arrangement of the page before them, more particularly when the poems were divided into stanzas which required some little art to fit them into the page without breaking them up. Hence to refer only to such editions as I have had the opportunity of inspecting side by side, the four issues of 1595, 1599, 1602 (?), 1615, correspond in their contents, page for page, and line for line, up to p. 60. Yet the most casual glance reveals the fact that they are entirely different editions, printed with quite different founts of type. So in each of these quartos, and in the undated Edinburgh edition of larger format, the poem entitled *A Child my Choice*, arranged in long lines, is printed in italics, probably because in roman character the lines could not have fitted into the width of the page. Moreover, the 1602 (?) and 1615 editions correspond so closely, from end to end, that an error in the paging of the earlier of the two by which the whole of signature K repeats the numbers 59 to 66 a second time, reappears uncorrected, with the same signature in the 1615 edition. Yet the two impressions are executed by different printers, with different title-pages, in entirely different type, and with many variations of spelling. The result, however, of this trouble-saving conservatism on the part of the compositors is to render all verbal bibliographical descriptions practically useless in determining the identity or diversity of different impressions. The engraved undated title-page of W. Leake might have been used many times over with new editions, but it is only the placing of the books side by side which can settle for us, whether the extant copies represent different impressions, or only one; for the contents and the paging may be expected to correspond accurately in any case. When it is mentioned that some of these original editions of Father Southwell's poems are so extremely rare as to sell at book auctions for from £5 to £20, the reader will understand that to bring copies together for purposes of comparison is not an easy matter.

In returning, moreover, from this bibliographical digression, I may take the opportunity to point out that the popularity of Father Southwell's works must not be entirely estimated by the

number of *printed* editions. It would be easy to quote abundant evidence for the fact, that the circulation of literature of all kinds in MSS. copies, was a common thing in Elizabeth's reign, and it need hardly be said that this was especially the case with literature, which on account of its nature or authorship was open to suspicion of Papistry. Father Southwell's remark about the copies of his *Magdalen's Tears* which "flew so fast and so false abroad that it was in danger of coming corrupted to the print," has already been quoted, but the history of another work of his, the *Humble Supplication to Queen Elizabeth*,<sup>1</sup> referred to above, is equally worthy of note. This noble and eloquent protest was written in answer to the Proclamation of 1591, and before Father Southwell was entrapped by Topcliffe in 1592. It is then probably to 1592, that the following letter of Francis Bacon, which does not bear any year, should be assigned.

*Francis Bacon to his brother Anthony.*<sup>2</sup>

Good Brother,—I send to you the *Supplication* which Mr. Topcliffe lent me. It is curiously [*i.e.* cleverly] written, and worth the writing out for the art; though the argument be bad. But it is lent me but for two or three days. So God keep you.

From Gray's Inn, this 5th of May.

Your entire loving Brother,

FR. BACON.

The task of copying out Father Southwell's *Supplication*, which occupies seventy-eight small printed pages, is no joke, as the present writer can attest from personal experience. That Lord Bacon should suggest to his brother that it was worth while undertaking it, and that so as to finish within three days, attests at once the very high opinion he must have formed of Father Southwell's literary skill and on the other hand the commonness of the practice of transcribing such voluminous documents. Further corroboration may be found in this statement of an English spy who enclosed a copy of the text, then just printed for the first time, to Cecil, on December 17th, 1600. "The book enclosed was dispersed five years ago in written copies by R. Southwell the author, and lately Garnet and

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Grosart, in his Introduction (1872), went so far as to deny the existence of the *Humble Supplication*, suggesting that the bibliographers must be thinking of a petition presented to Elizabeth by the poet's father. Besides the two copies of the *Supplication* at Lambeth, there is one at the British Museum, and another in MS. in the Inner Temple Library.

<sup>2</sup> Spedding, *The Letters and the Life of Lord Bacon*, vol. ii. p. 308.

Blackwell, though foreadvised not to do it, put it in print." That the book was very widely circulated in MS. there is no reason to doubt, but the informer is incorrect in the date he assigns to its first appearance, and also in attributing its recent publication to Garnet and Blackwell. It was really printed in opposition to the wishes of the last named by some of the appellant faction with the object of justifying by Father Southwell's example the submissive, not to say adulatory, tone which the appellants used towards Elizabeth. The book, which is crowded with typographical errors, clearly proves that no pains were taken about the correction of it, and though really printed in 1600, it bears as a blind the date 1595, which is probably the source of the informer's error about the date of its appearance. I may add for the sake of the interest which attaches to this very rare volume, that two of the Catholics concerned in its production, were taken, and in the end hanged. On this occasion the greater part of the edition must have fallen into the hands of the Queen's officers, for Garnet writing to Rome not long afterwards, expresses a doubt whether it be possible any longer to procure a printed copy to send to his Superiors. The two copies now to be found in the library at Lambeth, very probably formed part of those that were seized, being deposited with the Archbishop of Canterbury in recognition of his supreme authority as *censor librorum*.

That the poems also were circulated and read in MS., is plain from the appearance of the two or three contemporary copies still preserved to us. The extreme neatness of the handwriting, the carefully ruled and bordered page, show that they were not in any way intended for press work, but were meant to supply the place of a printed text. Hence we are not surprised to find amongst the State Papers the record of the seizure of such a copy. The following is an extract from the examination of John Bolt, a teacher of music, who was questioned about certain books found in the house of Mr. Wiseman, of Braddox, Essex. This was in March, 1594, N.S., more than a year before any of Father Southwell's poems were put in print by the London booksellers.

And (this examine) saith that the one book bound in parchment beginning with a piece of Scripture, viz., "There is no other name under heaven," &c. [*i.e.*, the Jesus Psalter], is his book and of his writing. And also one little book written called *St. Peter's Complaint* is his, but of whose writing he knoweth not, but borrowed it of Mr. Wiseman.

Being showed one paper book which was read to him, after he had seen the same, saith that the same little paper book which was found in his cloak-bag containing about a dozen leaves of paper containing matter of Campion, wherof two written and the other six unwritten, is his, and that he wrote the same with his own hand and copied it forth out of another written book which he borrowed of one Henry Souche, . . . and that he hath had the same book these five or six years, but did not deliver any copies out thereof to anybody.<sup>1</sup>

How large was the proportion of these MS. copies of Catholic works can only be gathered from a study of the inventories occasionally made when books were seized in the houses of recusants. To take one instance: in the report of the search of Sir John Southworth's house at Salmsbury in November, 1592, we read, "Item, found in another chamber thirteen books of papistry." Five of these only were printed books, and their names were duly set down with the remark, "All the rest of the books are written."<sup>2</sup>

However, it is not the ready sale of the different editions, nor the diffusion of manuscript copies, which seems to me to set the popularity of Father Southwell in the strongest light. Imitation is the sincerest flattery, and no one who looks narrowly into the literature of the period can fail to be struck by the influence which Father Southwell's works continued for a long time to exercise upon the popular taste. As compared with many of his contemporaries of far inferior merit to himself, Father Southwell did not meet with much explicit recognition amongst the critics of his day. Ben Jonson, as reported by Drummond, paid a very handsome compliment to his *Burning Babe*; Edmund Bolton, the antiquary, in his *Hypercritica*, speaks in terms of the highest appreciation of *St. Peter's Complaint*; Gabriel Harvey, in 1593, refers to the *Book of Resolution* and *Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears* as being both of them "elegantly and pathetically written"<sup>3</sup>—this significant coupling

<sup>1</sup> *Dom. Eliz.* vol. 248, n. 37.

<sup>2</sup> *The Egerton Papers* (Camden Society), p. 164.

<sup>3</sup> Grosart's edition, the Huth Library (1882), vol. ii. p. 291. It is curious that Mr. Grosart, after having himself edited Southwell, should thus annotate the passage in the edition referred to: "The poem (!) named has the date 1594 on its first publication, but Harvey must have seen it in 1593." *Mary Magdalen's Tears* is not a poem, and it was not printed for the first time in 1594, but in 1591. Mr. Grosart is severe upon the blunders of his predecessors, not altogether without reason. But how profoundly he himself is capable of nodding at not infrequent intervals, may be judged from the following remark, which occurs on another page of the same work. It is a note to the word *achates*, the old English spelling of agate. "Achates = the agate, under which was included bloodstone, &c. A curious use of this word is found

of two popular prose treatises of Jesuit authorship clearly indicating that there was no disguise about their origin—and there are casual allusions in Hall, Marston, and other writers. It seems probable, however, that contemporaries were rather shy of avowing too openly their acquaintance with or appreciation of this Jesuit author, and on the other hand, of course Father Southwell could have had few personal friends among the fashionable versifiers of the day to write him up during his lifetime, or dedicate odes to him after his death, as they did for his contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney. It is extremely significant that in such a compilation as Bodenham's *Belvidere*, first printed in 1600, Southwell's name is not anywhere mentioned. The book consists of a collection of single lines and distichs from all the most noted verse-writers of the period, arranged under subjects, and in lieu of particular references, it contains a long list at the beginning of the poets whose works had been laid under contribution. Father Southwell's name, as I have said, does not appear among them, but in the body of the work the student of his poetry will discover any number of lines borrowed from him, sometimes strangely mutilated in the transfer. Thus Father Southwell writes :

In some things all, in all things none are crossed.

In Bodenham the line appears in a form absolutely meaningless :

In something all, in nothing all are crossed.

So, too, his verses in "Losse in delaye,"

Droppes do perce the stubborne flynte  
Not by force but often fallinge,

have been altered to fit the metre in which all Bodenham's quotations are made ; thus :

Drops pierce the flint not by their force or strength,  
But by oft-falling wear it out at length.

We might hesitate to think that these lines really are taken from our poet, were it not that a number of other verses are correctly cited which leave no doubt of their origin.

However, if Father Southwell's name was not too freely spoken by his contemporaries, his influence upon their work was none the less unmistakable. *Mary Magdalen's Funeral*

as=staunch friend, in the memorial-stone to Sir John de Græme in Falkirk Parish Churchyard, where he is described as Wallace's Achates." Mr. Grosart, apparently, has never heard of *fidus Achates*!

*Tears*, as mentioned above, was first printed in 1591. In 1593, Thomas Nash, the brilliant but dissolute writer, whose comments upon the preachers of his time we have already quoted, astonished the gossips of London by publishing a prose palinode, a lament over the sins of himself and his congeners, with the title of *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*. That the title and the treatment of the earlier portion of the work was suggested by *Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears*, seems to be extremely probable. At any rate, this was the taunt which at once sprang to the lips of Nash's enemy, Gabriel Harvey, to whom an *amende* had been offered by Nash in his Preface, but who refused to be moved by what he calls the "tears of the crocodile."

Now he [writes Harvey in his *New Letter of Notable Contents*, 1593] hath a little mused upon the *Funeral Tears of Mary Magdalen*, and is egged on to try the suppleness of his pathetical vein.

And again :

I know not who weeped the *Funeral Tears of Mary Magdalen*: I would he that sheddeth the pathetical *Tears of Christ*, and trickleth the liquid tears of repentance, were no worse affected in pure devotion.

Granting, however, that the fact of imitation in this instance is not clearly made out, there can be no doubt about a work printed in 1595, which is entered in the Stationers' Registers of that year as "a boke entituled *Mary Magdalen's Love* upon the xxth chapter of John, the first verse to the 18th." This is so exact a description of Father Southwell's little treatise that we might well think it to have been another edition of the *Tears* registered under a new title. I gather, however, from the notice of the only extant copy contained in Corser's *Collectanea Anglo Poetica* that it is not identical with the *Tears*, but represents the work of another writer who wished to try his hand upon the same theme. Two years later we meet another book, the work of one of the most popular authors of the day, Thomas Lodge, possibly, as said above, personally known to Father Southwell. It is called "*Prosopopæa, containing the Teares of the holy, blessed, and sanctified Marie, the Mother of God*." London: E. White, 1596." Not only are the subject, the treatment, the tone, and semi-Euphuistic style closely akin to Father Southwell's, but there is a reference to him in the Preface which can hardly be mistaken. "Others have wept," writes Lodge, "as Peter his apostacy, *Mary* her loss and miss of Christ, their tears wrought from them

either for repent or love." This close collocation of the subjects of the two best known writings of our poet cannot possibly be accidental. Next we come to an effusion, this time in verse, of an equally well-known writer of the period, Sir Nicholas Breton, published with another religious poem, and entitled *The Blessed Weeper*. Here, again, it is quite impossible to doubt that the subject was suggested by Father Southwell's *Tears* of 1591. Just as the unpleasant theme of *Venus and Adonis* tempted one after another the love-writers of the day to essay their muse in a new flight, so here Breton has clearly wished to try what he could make of *St. Mary Magdalen's Tears*. The matter presented is exactly that of those same eighteen verses of St. John's Gospel which Southwell had first paraphrased and moralized, though we may readily allow that Breton has not borrowed from his predecessor more than the general conception. Indeed, the *Blessed Weeper* is quite one of his feeblest productions. While these are some of the principal imitations of the *Tears* that I have met with, they are far from exhausting the list. In 1599 we find in the Stationers' Registers an entry of *A Triplcity of the Mind's Passion, the first expressing Mary Magdalen's Seven Lamentations for the Love of Jesus, &c.* Whether this is identical with the *Mary Magdalen's Lamentations*, to be mentioned later, attributed to Gervase Markham, and published separately in 1601 and again in 1604, I am unable to say, but the subject is clearly the same. Another verse imitation, also assigned to Markham, is the *Tears of the Beloved* (1600), a piece of an exactly similar description, but expressing the desolation of St. John instead of St. Mary Magdalen. Once more the latter part of the poem called *St. Mary Magdalen's Conversion*, printed in 1603, deals at length with the same incident of Mary at the sepulchre. Similar again are the verse interludes in the religious treatise entitled *Mary Magdalen's Pilgrimage to Paradise*, published in 1617. Nay, it is even possible that Ed. Spenser himself may have meditated a poem on this subject. The following lines from the Preface to Markham's (?) *Magdalen's Lamentations* (1601) seem to suggest something of the sort :

If you will deign with favour to peruse  
Mary's memorial of her sad lament,  
Exciting *Colin* in his graver muse  
To tell the manner of her heart's repent, &c.

Of course it is possible that no more is intended than that the theme is one worthy of "*Colin's*," i.e., Spenser's exalted

genius, but it is very ambiguously worded if this be the writer's meaning.

Neither can it be said that the impression made by Father Southwell's prose-poem was limited to the first few years following its publication. For a long time we continue to meet with little booklets bearing such titles as *Queen Elizabeth's Tears*, 1607, *Tears of the Daughters of Jerusalem*, &c., and as late as 1659 there appeared a work called *Mary Magdalen's Tears Wiped Off, or the Voice of Peace to an Unquiet Conscience*. Nay, even I think I have met a little ripple of the wave Father Southwell set in motion amongst the Inquisition documents of far-off Mexico. For in the examination of an Irish adventurer, one William Lambert, who got into trouble there somewhere about 1640, we find it recorded among other episodes in a cock-and-bull account which he gave of his previous history that he had written in Europe, a discourse upon the Tears of Mary Magdalen which had won him great literary reputation. If, as he professed, he had always been a Catholic and had lived some time in London, it is quite possible that this little fiction was suggested to him by the name of a book he had actually seen.

*St. Peter's Complaint*, though written in verse, is so closely akin in character to *Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears* that we can hardly regard it as setting a separate fashion. But the *Complaint* also had its formal imitators. In 1597 was printed in London a poem with this title, *St. Peter's Ten Tears supposedly written upon his weeping sorrows for denying his Master Christ*. In a second edition which appeared in 1602, it is called *St. Peter's Tears*, the word "ten" being omitted. The subject is identically that of *St. Peter's Complaint*, and since no indication of the author's name is given, it is not, I think, too much to suppose that the publishers deliberately intended to trade upon the reputation of the earlier work, trusting that the confusion between *St. Peter's Complaint* and *Mary Magdalen's Tears* would help out the deception. It is curious, too, that on the very same day of 1595, April 5th, six weeks after the poet's martyrdom, on which *St. Peter's Complaint* is entered in the Stationers' Registers in the name of the bookseller, Gabriel Cawood, another entry occurs in the name of Abel Jeffes for a book entitled *St. Peter's Tears*. Whether this was ever published, whether it is identical with the *Complaint* or rather with the *Ten Tears*, or whether it is different from both of them, are questions I cannot answer. What is practically certain is

that Father Southwell's was the original, for his poem must have been completed before his capture in 1592, and there is evidence, as we have seen, that MS. copies of it were already in circulation at the beginning of 1594. Other works not yet mentioned, which seem to owe their inspiration to the same source, are Broxup's *St. Peter's Path to the Joys of Heaven* (1598), Rowlands' volume of verses on the Passion (1598), including a lengthy poem on *Peter's Tears at the Cock's Crowing*, and a little book (1601) of very Catholic tone which contains *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ*, and *The Tears of Christ in the Garden*.

I can imagine that a doubt may arise in the minds of some of my readers whether this outburst of a certain form of religious poetry in Elizabethan England can really be due to the fashion set by a Catholic priest and Jesuit executed on the scaffold for "treason." It is natural that some incredulity should be felt upon the point, but I am convinced that any one who will examine the evidence will allow that I have not overstated the case. Take for instance the very representative collection of religious verse, including extracts from one hundred and thirty-seven different writers, printed in Farr's *Select Poetry, Chiefly Devotional, of the Reign of Elizabeth* (Parker Society). A considerable proportion of the verse it contains is of earlier date than Father Southwell's. There are sonnets, paraphrases of the Psalms, quasi-philosophical poems on the immortality of the soul and kindred subjects, epitaphs, hymns, &c., but not one piece, prior to 1595, which in title or treatment in the least suggests the class of verse we are considering; while after that date, as we have seen, there are so many. Again, as bearing upon the source from which the impulse came, it is surely significant that while Father Southwell's writings were printed repeatedly, only two of the imitations saw even a second edition. One of these two was *St. Peter's Ten Tears*. In title, in metre, in subject, in purpose, in everything except its poetic treatment it is the counterpart of Father Southwell's *Complaint*. Can any one conceivably maintain that the *Ten Tears* was produced without reference to the kindred work written six years earlier and of which three editions at least had already been printed by London booksellers? The other imitation which attained a second edition, and which is not without considerable poetic merit, is *Mary Magdalen's Lamentations for the Losse of her Maister Jesus*, attributed to Gervase Markham. I may leave the reader himself to judge of its relation to Father Southwell's

work, by printing two short extracts from it in parallel columns with the corresponding passages of Father Southwell's *Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears*, only premising that Markham's poem contains no indication of indebtedness of any sort.

*Father Southwell's "Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears," printed in 1591.*

And what need had He to weep upon the cross, but for our example, which if it were good for Him to give, it cannot be evil for me to follow? No, no, it is not my weeping that causeth my loss, sith a world of eyes and a sea of tears could not worthily bewail the miss of such a master.

*Father Southwell, 1591.*

O most mild physician well knowest thou that thy sharp corrosive, with bitter smart angered her tender wound, which being rather caused by unwitting ignorance than wilful error, was as soon cured as known. And therefore thou quickly appliest a sweet lantive, to assuage her pain, that she might acknowledge her forbidding rather a fatherly check to her unsettled faith than an austere rejecting her for her fault. And therefore thou admittest her to kiss thy feet the two conduits of grace, and seals of our redemption, &c.

*"Mary Magdalen's Lamentations" (1 by Gervase Markham), first printed in 1601.*

Mary soliloquizes upon her sorrow.  
Alas what need had my sweet Lord to weep  
Upon the cross, but for our learning's sake,  
Which cannot sure be ill for me to keep,  
What He thought good to give, 'tis good to take,  
My weeping cannot prejudice my bliss,  
A world of tears cannot bewail my miss.

*Gervase Markham, 1601.*

Oh milde Physician, how well didst thou know  
Thy corrosive so sharp did grieve my wound,  
Which did by ignorance not error grow,  
Therefore no sooner felt, but help was found;  
Thy lenitive applied did ease my pain  
For though thou didst forbid 'twas no restrain.  
And now to show that thy denial late  
Was but a check to my unsettled faith,  
And no rejecting of my fault with hate,  
Thou let'st me wash thy feet in my tear-bath.  
I kiss them too, the seals of our redemption,  
My love renewed with endless consolation.

Although portions of Markham's poem are original, the great bulk of it is simply a skilful rendering into metre of selected passages from the *Funeral Tears*, the extracts given being in no way exceptional. Mr. Farr, in the collection referred to above, prints two unusually long specimens from this poem, of which he evidently thinks highly. Its connection with Father Southwell was of course unknown to him, and the fact lends to the words of his Preface a flavour of humour of which Mr. Farr was certainly not conscious.

In making the selection [he writes], the editor has kept in view the object for which the Parker Society was founded; that of exhibiting the principles of the Reformation, by the republication of the works of the Reformers and their immediate successors, and it has been his aim to select pieces which are in accordance with those principles. . . . The whole may be considered as an illustration of some of the results which the English Reformation produced on the literature of the age.

We may think that in this particular effort to exhibit the principles of the Reformation, Mr. Farr was successful beyond his hopes, but I have referred to Mr. Farr in this place principally to note that he himself remarks upon the "strong resemblance" between this poem and another of those attributed above to Father Southwell's inspiration, *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ*. The resemblance may be very simply explained by the supposition that both were suggested by a common prototype.

Lastly, it should be observed as helping to account for the crowd of imitators whom Father Southwell attracted, that his avowed object in writing was to encourage the poets of his day to select "some solemn and devout matter" for their compositions.

And because [he writes] the best course to let them see the error of their works is to weave a new web in their own loom, I have here laid a few coarse threads together to invite some skilfuller wits to go forward in the same, or to begin some finer piece; wherein it may be seen how well verse and virtue suit together.<sup>1</sup>

Or again, in the Dedication prefixed to the *Funeral Tears*:

This love and these passions are the subject of this discourse, which though it reach not the dignity of Mary's deserts, yet shall I think my endeavours well appaid if it may but woo some skilfuller pens from

<sup>1</sup> Preface to *St. Peter's Complaint*.

unworthy labours either to supply in this matter my want of ability, or in other of like piety (whereof the Scripture is full) to exercise their happier talents.

It is pleasant to think that Father Southwell really did achieve a notable success in this apostolate of good literature, to which he consecrated the many hours of enforced seclusion in his hunted existence as a priest. Apart from the direct work of the ministry pursued with untiring zeal, the talent so generously surrendered with all its brilliant promise left a mark upon the age. It was something to have induced Nash, even for a time, to turn aside from his ribaldry, and to have enlisted such pens as those of Lodge, Breton, Rowlands, and Markham in the cause of morality and religion. It may be that literature was not greatly the gainer thereby, but the new interest thus created can hardly have failed to lend its aid in stemming the tide of licentiousness and atheism which threatened to sweep everything before it, amid the convulsions of the change of religion. Neither do we know what the indirect effects of this new taste for devotional poetry may have been, nor how much we are indebted to it for the work of Milton and of Crashaw, of George Herbert, and the seventeenth century divines. This much at least the evidence seems to me clearly to establish, that there *was* such a fashion, which manifested itself in the last ten years of Elizabeth's reign, that the initiative may be traced without hesitation to the writings of Father Southwell, and that the influence which the new fashion exerted cannot have been otherwise than good.

And in postulating for the writings of a proscribed Jesuit priest so much popularity as these facts involve, we are brought again to the conclusions expressed in my former article, that at the close of the reign of Elizabeth the Catholics were still numerically powerful. Though the level of Father Southwell's verse is uniformly high, his mere literary merits alone could not have attracted so many readers, were it not that he was read more as a Catholic teacher than as a man of letters, and that nearly half the population, in all that was purely matter of religion, sympathized with the Catholic view. The Catholicism of Father Southwell's poems was patent enough. In the Edinburgh edition (c. 1600) changes were made in *St. Peter's Complaint* to suit the theology there in fashion. Thus in Stanza 97, St. Peter's remorse is aggravated by the thought of our Blessed Lady, and he gives vent to his feelings thus,

When traitor to the Son, in Mother's eyes  
I shall present my humble suit for grace,  
What blush can paint the shame that will arise,  
Or write my inward feelings on my face?

Waldegrave amends this by printing :

When traitor to the Son, in Father's eyes, &c.

Again, a few lines lower down, when St. Peter asks himself :

Can Mother like what did the Son abjure  
Or heart deflowred a Virgin's love redeem?

The Edinburgh edition corrects :

Can Father like what did the Son abjure  
Or murdering heart a Father's love redeem?

To which the succeeding lines tack on awkwardly enough

The mother nothing loves that Son doth loath  
Ah, loathsome wretch ! detested of them both.

In England these things, more particularly the praise of our Blessed Lady, passed muster even in spite of Episcopal licensors. It was not until Barrett's edition of 1620 that any change was made even in Father Southwell's faithful translation of the *Lauda Sion*. Hence in the three editions of the *Mæonia*, openly sold in 1595 and subsequent years by John Busby and Valentine Simms, booksellers of London, Englishmen were free to read :

Christians are by faith assurèd  
That to Flesh the bread is changèd  
The wine to Blood most precious.

But in the 12mo edition of 1620 we find :

Christians are by faith assurèd  
That by faith flesh is receivèd  
And Christ his blood most precious.

And the six or seven uncompromising stanzas which follow —*Caro cibus, sanguis potus*, &c., are replaced in 1620 by this parody :

As staff of bread thy heart sustains,  
And cheerful wine thy strength regains,  
By power and virtue natural,  
So doth this consecrated food  
The symbol of Christ's flesh and blood  
By virtue supernatural.

We cannot believe that the booksellers would have continued to publish the praises of the Blessed Sacrament, of our Blessed

Lady, and of Mary Queen of Scots, unless they knew that it was the very presence of such topics which attracted purchasers, and gave to the poems a popularity almost unequalled at that day.

But whatever may be the conclusion to be drawn from the facts alleged, it will hardly be disputed that the Catholic literature of Elizabeth's days deserves more attention than it has yet received. With regard to Father Southwell himself, two at least of his prose treatises have never been reprinted since the seventeenth century, and the poetical works, the last edition of which appeared twenty years ago, are now no longer procurable. It is hoped that in the course of the present year, the tercentenary of Father Southwell's martyrdom, it may be possible to issue an adequate edition of all that is best worth preserving in the writings of this holy Religious, a man in whom deep poetic feeling and true eloquence were only surpassed by the ardour of his charity and the sanctity of his life.

H. T.

## *Herb-Mary.*

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"GOOD evenin', kindly, ma'am. Yes, 'tis at the herbs I am, an' sure 'tis throe for you, 'tis pleasant work, with this eligint fine dew, an' the weather so balmy, glory be to God!

"No, there isn't, to say, a dale o' sickness about at present (although that wasn't our story in the winter—we put a heavy scourge o' tyfed over us), but there's always a crature here and there in the cletch o' some bothersome ailment or other, an' I'm kept purty busy. Oh, yes, I'm docthor an' nurse to 'em, an' 'tisin't in their constitutions alone that people find the value o' me—the pocket is a tindher spot, too! An' it keeps my own little pot biling!

"I have the thrade from my mother (Lord, rest her sowl!), an' she had it from two generations of forbears, so that, you may say, 'tis second nature to us. I'm at it myself for twinty year come Michaelmas next.

"The docthors? Oh, I had many a tussle with 'em in the beginning, an' once it went as far as the law itself. I was in a sarious pridicamint that time, an' all by rason of a plaster that I put over ould Judy Doyle's eyes when she had the lupers.<sup>1</sup> I was new to the business, you see, an' mistuk the nature o' the sore, an' what did I do but clap on a cancer-plaster that my mother left me the saicret of—a plaster that had strin'th an' vinom enough in it to dhraw the pison out of a stone wall, as the saying is. Yerrah, my dear life, it nearly desthroyed Judy—drove her two eyes into one in no time at all! You may say I got it hot an' heavy from the magisthrates, an' the damages I lost at the Quarther Sessions ruined me entirely. So I said good-bye to the plasters, an' more because I had the best o' substitutes for 'em than from any fear o' the Sessions. I like your bright, purty, knowledgeable ways about the herbs, an' that's why I'll make no mysthery to *you* of the cancer-cure I have. Besides, you're out of England, an' that's where a warm

<sup>1</sup> *Lupus.*

corner of my heart will ever be for the Colonel's sake (he's our landlord), an' with good rason too. An' if you'll be the means of giving relief to any suffering cratures over there by telling 'em of the cure, I'll be thankful to the good Lord.

"You see that eligint sthretch o' red clover down there? Well, to-morrow morning early—the 21st of June—I'll be gathering them blossoms. 'Twill take me a few weeks to dry 'em in the sun, an' there I am, ready for the worst case of scrofula, scurvy, cancer—any pison in the body that shows itself in blotches or sores or swellings. Oh, you needn't doubt me at all. They'll tell you in the town beyant what I'm able to do with the clover! The hotel-woman was a gone case entirely only for me. The poor sowl took the cancer first in the breast, an' the docthors declared there was nothing at all for it but the knife. Well, I towld her, fair an' square, that so sure as the like was cut at all it would break out elsewhere, an' I advised her to have nothing to do with the butchering rogues of docthors, but to take the clover. But, my dear life, what chance had I at all—a common woman—agin' the docthors? They operated on her, an' in less than a year they had to operate once more. Her husband an' children were so frightened when the docthors said it was likely to break out agin, that they sent for me an' the clover, an', never fear, they let me have my own way. That's two year ago, an' there she is, a picture o' health to-day, with never a sign of a return of the cancer! 'Twould be a surprise to you to hear of all the other cases o' the kind that the clover riz out of desthruccion, an' as for the scrofula ('the evil,' we call it here), they come from far an' near to me with it. An' 'tis they that are thankful, the cratures!

"Oh, no, 'tisin't all poor people that come to me. An' that's because I had great success with another patient o' mine ten years ago. You noticed the fine young lad that galloped down the road a while ago, himself an' the ould gentleman in grey—a gallant pair (an' of your own nation, ma'am), good luck to 'em! Well, that lad was the first child I ever 'tended, an' this is how it was. You see the Colonel's lady was terrible delicate, an' after the little one was born she wasted away like the snow in April. She came of a consumptive race, you see, an' after the Colonel got over her death he began to notice an' to be fretting about the child, that wasn't thriving at all, someway. At three years old he was a spindlin', rickety little crature, that no docthorng or nursing or change of air could bring around.

An' the poor father was nearly in despair. My heart bled for him, an' well he deserved it from me, for he was the kind master an' landlord to me an' mine. Well, one evening I plucked up courage an' off I went to the great house. 'Twas in the half-light, an' the hall-door was open, an' there, marching up an' down inside, was the Colonel with little Tom on his back, an' he singin' 'Green rushes,' to put him to sleep. I never heard anything lonesomer, an' when the Colonel in his kind voice said, 'Well, Mary, what is it?' what do you think o' me, but something seemed to choke me up, an' out I busted into a fit o' crying that I could no more stop than the rain. When at last I could spake, I begged the Colonel to give little Tom to me to nurse him into health an' strength out on the *raes*.<sup>1</sup> I had my little goats for the milk for him, a couple of beehives for honey, my store of oaten-meal, fine an' coarse, a little sack of flax-seed, a net of lemons, plenty of dried mullein on the shelf, an' a little white bed in a sunny room that was as fresh and sweet as hands and the mountain air could make it.

"I could see the father's struggle. He had confidence in my good-will, but had no proof of my successful docthorin in such a case, to offer at the time. And besides it was so hard for him to part from the little fellow even at such a short distance.

"Something seemed to stir up inside me that made me believe I could save the child.

"'Give him to me, Colonel, in the name o' God,' I cried, 'an' I promise you here that a year from to-day, I'll bring him home to you, a sound boy!'

"The way I talked made an impression on him, an' that night I brought little Tom home with me. Well, if he hadn't his freedom on the *raes* afther I doctored him up for a little while with the flax-seed tea and mullein! He'd be out from morning till night, let the weather be what it might. I never shut his window, an' he slept, after a grand rubbing every night, between little old soft blankets that I used to wash an' change every week like sheets. In the morning, after a dip in the big tub by the kitchen fire, I'd do the rubbing again with the palms o' my hands over the spine, an' chest, an' shoulders, an' limbs, an' let him race off till breakfast was ready. An' the appetite he'd bring in for the stirabout, an' goat's milk, or the wholemeal bread an' honey! 'Twas gallant, there's no other word for it. I made the Colonel keep away for fear of making

<sup>1</sup> Moors.

the child fret or be lonesome. An' so he never had a sighth of him for the year until in I walked with him one day. Well, well, that was a cure for sore eyes—the sighth o' the meeting between the two, it fills me up when I think of it now even !

“To make a long story short, I had my darling boy in my hands almost constantly until his seventh year was finished ; an' then the Colonel felt safe in taking him home for good. All my troubles were over by that time, I need never do another hand's turn for my living if I liked, for the Colonel, God bless him, went as hard as ever he could to make me independent, but when one takes to the docthorin' at all there's something in it that keeps 'em at it in spite of everything. The snugest chimney-corner an' aisiest arm-chair in the world wouldn't have half such an attraction for me on a winter's night, as the bedside of thim that I could bring relief an' hope to, out of sickness an' despair. God bless us, 'tis a noble thing to see health staling back into a hollow cheek, to see the trembling limbs growing steady, to hear the panting breath getting slower an' deeper, to see the foul devouring sores losing their fiery anger, an' healing mercifully an' sweetly—to be able to be a helper—small an' wake an' humble, but an actial, living helper—in the good Lord's visible mercies, that's a thing to stir an' gladden one to the very marrow of their bones !”

### *Bishop Grosseteste and Papal Supremacy.*

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IN the *Athenæum* for January 19, 1895, there appeared a review of a translation of the Abbé le Monnier's *History of St. Francis of Assisi*. The critic considers that the appearance of this translation so soon after M. Sabatier's work on the same subject "rather suggests that the official Roman hierarchy resent the application of the historical method, in however friendly a spirit, to an eminent saint of the middle ages." Then after some observations, mainly of a depreciatory character, with which we are not here concerned, he continues with these words:

We have said that the book is not very remarkable, and implied that in its English form it is not very readable. This does not apply to Cardinal Vaughan's Preface. It consists only of half a dozen pages, but is well worth reading, if merely as one more example of the presentation of history which Roman dignitaries think good enough for their flocks, . . . when the Cardinal cites as a typical upholder of Papal Supremacy the man who was called *domini Papæ redargutor manifestus, Romanorum malleus et contemptor*—"the man whose ghost, as contemporaries believed, beat Innocent IV. black and blue in the visions of the night"—Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, we can only say that either he has an odd notion of "upholding," or he is playing it pretty low down on his people. Or, to adapt a *mot* (not of Professor Jowett's) first used in a different connection altogether, "He almost makes us regret poor Kingsley," who might well have been consoled, had he been alive to-day, by so brilliant an illustration of the *obiter dictum* which once earned him that terrible chastisement at the hands of an abler dialectician. For that Cardinal Vaughan knows no better it is impossible to believe.

Of the bad taste displayed in such language there can hardly be two opinions, but we shall not charge the *Athenæum* with the guilt of having admitted it. Editors cannot guard themselves against every misuse of their columns by unsuitable contributors, and it is evident that in this instance our highly respectable and scientific contemporary has been imposed upon by some vulgar continuity monger. Still, the notice has been

made public in the columns of the *Athenæum*, and requires to be examined. The critic accuses the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster of deliberate insincerity. It is a serious charge and would be defensible only if based on the fullest and clearest grounds. What, then, are his grounds?

Cardinal Vaughan has cited Grosseteste as an "upholder of Papal Supremacy." That, says the critic, the Bishop of Lincoln was not, (1) because he was called by his contemporaries, "a manifest confuter of the Pope, the hammer and despoiler of the Romans;" (2) because he was "the man whose ghost, as contemporaries believed, beat Innocent IV. black and blue in the visions of the night."

This is all the Reviewer adduces in support of his accusation. Let us take the two proofs separately, and for convenience' sake, in reverse order.

In regard to the dream argument a very few words will suffice. The story rests on the authority of the chronicler, Matthew of Paris, who relates it as follows:<sup>1</sup>

When Pope Innocent, as is generally supposed, thought of casting out of the church the bones of Robert, Bishop of Lincoln, the same Bishop appeared to him, as it is said, clad in his pontifical robes; and with a severe countenance and a stern look and a terrible voice he accosted the Pope, punching (*pungens*) him at the same time in the side with the butt-end (*cuspide*) of his pastoral staff, saying, "O Sinibald Pope, hast thou proposed to cast out my bones to my dishonour and that of the Church of Lincoln? Whence this rashness of thine? The Lord will not suffer thee to have henceforth any power over me. I did write to thee in the spirit of humility to correct thy errors, but thou hast despised my salutary warnings. Woe to thee, who dost despise; art not thou too in thy turn despised?" Whereupon departing, he left the Pope pierced, as it were, with a lance, all-grieving and groaning.

To which contemporary account of the ghost's doings Dean Milman,<sup>2</sup> who swallows the whole story, has added—apparently out of his own head—an interesting further embellishment. "From this terrible night," he tells us, "the Pope wasted away by a slow fever, the hand of God was obviously upon him, all his schemes failed, all his armies were defeated, and he passed neither night nor day undisturbed."

Presumably the Reviewer does not himself go quite so far as to believe in the reality of this very dramatic story. His argument is drawn rather from the credit attached to the story

<sup>1</sup> Rolls Series, vol. iii. pp. 332, 333.

<sup>2</sup> *Latin Christianity*, bk. x. ch. 5.

by Grosseteste's contemporaries as illustrating their knowledge of the hostility with which Innocent IV. was regarded by Grosseteste. But then there are three points which the Reviewer does not seem to have considered. In the first place, it is perhaps assuming a little too much to gather from the passage quoted that even Matthew himself meant us to take his story too seriously. In the second place, the authority of Matthew of Paris on a matter of this kind is not exactly conclusive when unsupported by other evidence. That chronicler is a writer of many merits, and we could ill spare the fruits of his laborious industry. At the same time, among those merits no competent historian would set down a striking absence of prejudice, or a scrupulous regard for accuracy in his language about those against whom his prejudices biassed him. He was a monk of St. Albans, and the interests of St. Alban's Abbey seem to have been the primary test by which he judged his fellow-men. Particularly he was prone to say things spiteful against any Bishop, Sovereign, or Pope, who ventured to require the monks of St. Albans to pay money out of their treasury, and Innocent IV., who was in sore need of money for the prosecution of his schemes of ecclesiastical administration, which led him, whether rightly or wrongly, to make large demands on the English ecclesiastical funds, could not fail to experience the heavy lash of a writer so disposed. What is the value of the condemnatory language thus accorded to a Pope by this monk of St. Albans, the Reviewer, had he taken the pains to run through Dr. Luard's Preface to the *Chronica Majora*,<sup>1</sup> might have learned from the manuscript variations of the text. When his original text gives phrases relative to the Pope's conduct such as "this pernicious compact and simony and secret fraud," and the correction written over an erasure changes it into "this sort of provision as required for his own use," or, "the King, discovering the hidden snares, and detesting the avarice of the Roman Court," similarly changed into "the King, finding that such a transaction would be detrimental to that and other Churches," and so in other instances, then we have sufficiently clear evidence that Matthew of Paris indulged somewhat recklessly in abusive language, which accordingly we must discount. And as we must discount what Matthew of Paris says directly against the Pope, so also may we perhaps discount the charges against him which he puts into the

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iv. p. xii. &c.

mouth of Grosseteste. Indeed, if we were obliged to take *au pied de la lettre* what Matthew of Paris has at times to say of Grosseteste, the reputation of this noble Bishop would suffer severely.

The other point about the dream-story which the Reviewer has failed to consider is, that it touches exclusively the personal character and administration of the individual Pope, not his office. It is at least conceivable that Grosseteste might have found reason for complaint in a particular Pope, or Popes, and yet have acknowledged fully the Divine character of the Papacy, whereas it was the latter point only to which Cardinal Vaughan was manifestly referring. And this observation will conveniently carry us on to the examination of the Reviewer's second argument.

Grosseteste, he tells Cardinal Vaughan, could not have been "an upholder of Papal Supremacy," because Matthew of Paris describes him as "a manifest confuter of the Pope, the hammer and despiser of the Romans." So says the chronicler of St. Albans, to be reviled by whom, in this connection, Dr. Lingard esteems a positive honour. But why has the Reviewer clipped the quotation? The complexion of the quotation as a whole is very different from that of the part quoted. In full it runs thus:<sup>1</sup>

Grosseteste was a manifest confuter of the Pope and the King, the blamer of prelates, the corrector of monks, the director of priests, the instructor of clerks, the support of scholars, the preacher to the people, the persecutor of the incontinent, the sedulous student of Scripture,<sup>2</sup> the hammer and despiser of the Romans.

Remark that the Bishop was a "manifest confuter," not of the Pope only, but of the King also; "the hammer and despiser," not merely of the Romans, but of the English too! Are we to conclude, then, that he was an antagonist both of Papal Supremacy and of the monarchical principle? And if not, why not? Why did not the Reviewer give the whole quotation, and then explain away this difficulty for us? If Grosseteste's opposition to the Pope—not as Pope, but as

<sup>1</sup> Rolls Series, Matthew of Paris, *Hist.* iii. p. 146.

<sup>2</sup> The following observation of Luard's (p. xc.) on Grosseteste's Scriptural knowledge may perhaps interest old-fashioned Protestants and the Bible Society: "His wonderful knowledge of Scripture might perhaps be the object of remark in our day, though in his own it was probably not more than was possessed by almost all theological students, at least by such as at all approached to his stamp. His reverence for it as the ultimate appeal in all controversies is unbounded."

Sinibald the individual, misusing (as Grosseteste thought) Papal power—implies opposition to Papal Supremacy, why does not his far more strenuous opposition to the King—not as King, but as Henry Plantagenet the individual, misusing kingly power—imply opposition to Royal Supremacy? If Grosseteste was anti-Papal, he was also anti-monarchical; and if he was not anti-monarchical, then he was not anti-Papal. That he was a stubborn and uncompromising opponent of Henry III. every schoolboy knows. He had a “serious quarrel with the King” as to whether Henry or himself should appoint to the vacant prebend of Thame in Lincoln Cathedral, and the King had to give way.<sup>1</sup> He headed the opposition to his royal master in the matter of the subsidy for the war against the King of Scotland, and again Henry had to yield.<sup>2</sup> When the King appointed to the bishopric of Chichester one of his own clerks and a forest judge, Robert Passelew, Grosseteste again headed the opposition, and the King was worsted and the election annulled.<sup>3</sup> Again, another nominee of the King’s, Hurtold, a clerk and counsellor of Henry’s, upon whom Henry had bestowed the church of Hamstead, Grosseteste actually excommunicated, even laying the church under an interdict.<sup>4</sup> On another occasion, when the Bishops, aiming at the King, had solemnly excommunicated all violators of Magna Charta, Grosseteste, to clinch the matter, had the sentence read afterwards in every parish church throughout his diocese.<sup>5</sup> More than this, he repeatedly expressed his mind in the strongest and most uncompromising language about the King; as, for example, when on a question arising of the King’s opposition to the appointment of Nicholas de Farnham to the bishopric of Durham, Grosseteste said: “The King could not refuse his consent unless he were to go quite out of his mind (*nisi manifeste desiperet*).”<sup>6</sup>

Beyond a shadow of a doubt, therefore, Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, was, as Matthew of Paris affirms, a “manifest confuter” of King Henry III.; and with equal ease it can be shown that he was “the hammer and despiser” of the English—in the sense that Matthew uses those words. Then does the *Athenæum* Reviewer conclude that he was no upholder of Royal Supremacy? That conclusion would seem to follow from the critic’s premisses:

<sup>1</sup> Luard, Preface to *Grosseteste’s Letters*, Rolls Series, p. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* lx.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* lxi.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* lxxvii.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* lxxxii.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* xlix.

Whoever is a "manifest confuter" of Pope [and King] is no upholder of Papal [or Royal] Supremacy.

But Grosseteste was a "manifest confuter" of Pope [and King].

Ergo.

Yet, in point of fact, the Bishop was a special and intimate friend of Henry's. Just as we find Innocent IV. writing in friendly terms to the Bishop after their difference, so do we find Henry after their quarrels writing in the most affectionate manner to him, and even reproaching the Bishop for not visiting him oftener.<sup>1</sup>

The courteous Reviewer says that Cardinal Vaughan in citing Grosseteste as an "upholder of Papal Supremacy," must have "an odd notion of 'upholding.'" On the contrary, the Cardinal's view is the merest commonplace among historians not utterly blinded by the Protestant tradition. Milman<sup>2</sup> calls Robert of Lincoln "a Churchman of the highest hierarchical notions." And again: "As a Churchman, Grosseteste held the loftiest views of the power of the Pope." And then he quotes from Grosseteste's letter to Cardinal Otho: "I know, and know for certain, that in the Pope and in the Holy Roman Church the power is inherent to dispose freely of all ecclesiastical benefices."<sup>3</sup>

According to Milman, therefore, Grosseteste was "an upholder of Papal Supremacy." And the *Dictionary of English History*, which gives accepted views,<sup>4</sup> says: "His celebrated letter of refusal, *while accepting the ultramontane position*, was thoroughly decided in its tone."

Again, Dr. Lingard, whom even the *Athenæum* Reviewer will grant to have known something of English history, speaks of Grosseteste in the same sense, and that, too, in language far more emphatic than Cardinal Vaughan's. In his account of the Bishop of Lincoln,<sup>5</sup> he says: "*No man indeed ever professed a more profound veneration for the Successors of St. Peter*, or entertained more exalted notions of their prerogatives. From his works it appears that he gave to their decretals the force of law in all Christian nations; that he maintained as the cause of God every immunity which they had conferred on the clergy, and that he inculcated with unusual vehemence the

<sup>1</sup> Luard, lxxviii.

<sup>2</sup> *Latin Christianity*, vol. vi. bk. x. c. 5, p. 288.

<sup>3</sup> Apud Luard, p. 148, Epist. 49.

<sup>4</sup> Art. "Grosseteste."

<sup>5</sup> Vol. iii. c. 2, p. 179.

doctrine of what has since been termed the *indirect* superiority of the spiritual over the temporal power."

According to Lingard, therefore, Grosseteste was most emphatically "an upholder of Papal Supremacy."

Luard, too—whose pronounced anti-Catholic bias, both in his Preface to the Letters, and in his account of the Bishop in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, makes his testimony all the more valuable—writes in the latter place, that Grosseteste "expresses the utmost reverence for the Pope and the Roman See." And again in the Preface to the letters:<sup>1</sup> "No one can exceed Grosseteste in his reverence for the Papal power *and for Innocent IV. in particular*, as shown in several of the other letters in the present volume." And the following passage may be particularly recommended to the careful study of the Reviewer in the *Athenæum*:<sup>2</sup>

Grosseteste has been styled one of the harbingers of the Reformation. If this means that by his determined endeavours to raise the character of the clergy, the zeal with which he strove against abuses, his unceasing opposition to all improper presentations—from however high a source they originated—his sense of the awful responsibility of his office, his anxiety for the study at Oxford of the Scriptures above all other books, and his efforts to prevent the clergy from usurping functions that would lead them away from their clerical duties, he led the way towards that event, it is certainly true. But if it implies that he had any tendency towards the doctrinal changes then brought about in the Church, or that he evinced any idea of a separation of the Church of England from that of Rome, a more utterly mistaken statement has never been made. He was essentially a man of his own time, feeling vividly what were the great causes which were disturbing the Church and lowering the character both of clergy and people, and he eagerly seized and directed the means which the age offered towards the removal of these causes and the improvement of the condition of the country. If judged from this standard and with this in view, there is scarcely a character in English history that stands higher. But to judge him by the ideas prevalent in the sixteenth century, or to expect to find him influenced by similar motives to those which were influencing men's minds then, is to do him great injustice; *and such a view of his character can only arise from ignorance of the actual facts.*

According to Mr. Luard, therefore, Grosseteste was in the fullest sense of the word, "an upholder of Papal Supremacy."

But why multiply extrinsic arguments when we have at hand Grosseteste's own works to appeal to—at least his many

<sup>1</sup> P. xx.

<sup>2</sup> P. xiv.

sermons and letters? Why does the *Athenæum* Reviewer argue from ghosts, and dreams, and "monkish" legends, when in Brown's *Fasciculus* and *Letters of Grosseteste* he has at hand so plentiful an original source from which to draw? Robert of Lincoln's own words ought surely to have more weight than the dreams, ghost-stories, and "ridiculous tales" of Matthew of Paris—especially with so ardent an admirer of the historical method as this Reviewer professes himself to be. For example, to help towards a just judgment as to whether or not Grosseteste was "an upholder of Papal Supremacy," the Reviewer should weigh the fact that Grosseteste made two painful seven weeks' journeys to the presence of the Pope—the second when he was an old man of seventy-five and over. Then he might take into consideration that the Bishop in at least three instances—his differences with the Canterbury monks, with his Chapter, and with Boniface of Canterbury—carried his appeals to the Sovereign Pontiff. Moreover, he might further ponder the words addressed by Henry III. to Grosseteste in response to that Bishop's exhortation to Henry to obey and be faithful to the Holy See:<sup>1</sup>

. . . My Lord Bishop, . . . you may be assured that always and in all respects we shall show all obedience, fidelity, and devotion to the Pope as our spiritual father, and the Holy Roman Church as our spiritual mother; to them will we firmly adhere, both in prosperity and adversity; *on the day when we do not do this, we consent to lose an eye, or even our head; God forbid that anything separate us from devotion to our spiritual father and mother, &c.*<sup>2</sup>

Then the Reviewer might add to the evidence the fact that when the Pope had demanded a large subsidy from England, and the King in fury wrote an angry letter to each of the Bishops forbidding them to levy the tallage, Grosseteste resisted the King because "the authority and command of the Supreme Pontiff compel us thereto, and *because it is like the sin of witchcraft to rebel against him, and like the crime of idolatry to refuse to obey him.*" As Luard says:<sup>3</sup> Grosseteste embraced the "Papal cause with eagerness, and, it may be, thus determinedly carried out the Pope's directions for raising a subsidy on this

<sup>1</sup> Luard, p. xv. and p. 338.

<sup>2</sup> This expression of "spiritual father and mother" is continually found in the Bishop's mouth. Grosseteste's letters, be it noted in passing, are a valuable mine of arguments for "continuity" controversialists.

<sup>3</sup> P. xxviii.

occasion . . . from believing it his duty to support the Pope."<sup>1</sup> And again in the same letter: "Our spiritual father and mother [the Pope and the Roman Church], *obedience to whom is an incomparably greater obligation than to our parents in the flesh,*" &c.<sup>2</sup>

If that is not to "uphold Papal Supremacy," what is?

Moreover, the Reviewer, to help him to arrive at a sound opinion, might have put together a collection of striking expressions from the Bishop's numerous letters, expressions which would have admirably illustrated the point in dispute. Here are a few by way of specimen:

"As our Lord the Pope enjoys, in the Universal Church, the very *plenitude of power*, so each Bishop, in his own diocese, enjoys a power derived from the Apostolic power"—a useful sentence for Anglicans engaged in the study of jurisdiction.<sup>3</sup> As obvious conclusions from this most important doctrine, Grosseteste lays down that the Pope is superior to all other Bishops;<sup>4</sup> that a Bishop cannot diminish his own power, that is the power belonging to his see, without the Pope's consent;<sup>5</sup> that the Pope is the Vicar of Christ and stands in the place of Christ;<sup>6</sup> that a Bishop has no power except through the Pope;<sup>7</sup> and that the Pope can exempt a Bishop's subjects from that Bishop's jurisdiction.<sup>8</sup>

Such quotations might be multiplied indefinitely, but let one more suffice. Comparing the Sovereign Pontiff to the sun, which shines by its own light, and the Bishops to the moon and stars, that shine with a light borrowed from the sun, Grosseteste writes:<sup>9</sup>

The sun cannot shine on all parts of the earth at once so as to drive out the darkness and make green things grow. Therefore, not to deprive any part of the globe of the consolation of light, the sun, out of the plenitude of its own light—though without any loss of light to itself—illuminates the moon and the stars, so that, in its absence, they may illumine the earth. But when the sun itself returns and once more manifests its presence to the earth, the lesser luminaries again grow dim

<sup>1</sup> I do not know why Luard should speak rather doubtfully in this place, and still more so on p. xviii. as to the Bishop's view of the Pope's rights in the matter of subsidies. In Letter 49, p. 145, Grosseteste wrote: "*Scio, et veraciter scio, domini Papæ et sanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ hanc esse potestatem ut de omnibus beneficiis ecclesiasticis libere possit ordinare.*" But if the Pope can dispose of benefices, he certainly has jurisdiction over their revenues, as Grosseteste unambiguously held.

<sup>2</sup> Luard, p. 341.

<sup>3</sup> Luard, p. 364. This thought is repeated, in substance, very many times in the letters, *v.g.*, at pp. 367, 369, 370.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 366.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 367.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 369, 434.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* p. 369.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.* p. 392.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* p. 390.

in the presence of the sun's rays and give place to the light of the sun. So is our Lord the Pope, who is to all other prelates as is the sun to the moon and stars.

Again then I ask, is this to "uphold Papal Supremacy" or not? Should the *Athenæum* Reviewer deny it, then most people will probably consider that he, and not Cardinal Vaughan, has an odd notion of "upholding." Is this testimony less valuable than a dream, a ghost-story, and the silly gossip of the prejudiced chronicler of St. Albans?

We have now before us evidence enough to form a trustworthy opinion of the knowledge, or the veracity, of the anonymous Reviewer in question. Yet in a controversy about Grosseteste, it is impossible to omit mention of the famous "sharp epistle"<sup>1</sup> in which the Bishop refused to induct the Pope's nephew, Frederick of Louvain—and that at the Pope's mandate—into a canonry at Lincoln. This letter is, apparently, all that the Protestant tradition knows about the famous Bishop of Lincoln. Luard says:<sup>2</sup> "In our own time his fame has chiefly rested on this single letter;" and he adds<sup>3</sup> with regret, not perhaps unnatural in a Protestant clergyman, who finds himself obliged to condemn a long cherished delusion about a Catholic Bishop, that "its style is scarcely equal to its fame; the language, *though uncompromising, is respectful*." It would not have been an exaggeration to have said "most respectful." Again, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Luard writes that in the letter in question, Grosseteste "expresses the utmost reverence for the Pope and the Roman See." The letter is too long to quote *in extenso*, but the following is not an unfair synopsis of it made by Milman.<sup>4</sup>

I am bound by filial reverence to obey all commands of the Apostolic See; but those are not Apostolic commands which are not consonant to the doctrine of the Apostles and the Master of the Apostles, Christ Jesus. The Most Holy Apostolic See cannot command that which verges on the odious, detestable abomination, pernicious to mankind, opposed to the sanctity of the Apostolic See, contrary to the Catholic Faith. You cannot in your discretion enact any penalty against me, for my resistance is neither strife nor rebellion, but filial affection to my father and veneration to my mother the Church.

Thus as Grosseteste had rejected unsuitable nominees of the King, not because they were the King's, but because they were

<sup>1</sup> Luard, p. 432.    <sup>2</sup> P. xii.    <sup>3</sup> P. lxxix.    <sup>4</sup> *Latin Christianity*, l.c. p. 291.

unsuitable; so, in like manner, he rejected this unsuitable nominee of the Pope, not because he was the Pope's, but because he was unsuitable. Luard says:<sup>1</sup>

It was rather his youth and unfitness for the post than that he was the Pope's nephew and nominee, that caused his rejection. Indeed no one can exceed Grosseteste in his reverence for the Papal power, and for Innocent IV. in particular.

What is there to wonder at in this famous epistle? Certainly it contains no jot or tittle of evidence that Grosseteste had wavered in the least as "an upholder of Papal Supremacy." The Bishop had spoken before with equal plainness even to the Pope's face, and, as before explained, the Pope so far from taking it amiss had had Grosseteste's animadversions on himself and the Curia read in the Consistory of Cardinals, and had given the Bishop other proofs of his esteem, as both Milman and Lingard assert. While living in the presence of the Pope, writing for the eye of the Pope, and perhaps preaching in the presence of the Pope, Grosseteste had drawn a sharp distinction between obedience to the Pope and opposition to abuses of Papal power, between "upholding Papal Supremacy" and approving of a Pope's wrong-doings. The Bishop said:

As Christ must be obeyed in all things, so must those presiding over this Most Holy See be obeyed in all things, *in so far as they are presidents*. But if any of the Popes (which God forbid) command anything contrary to Christ's precepts and will, he who obeys the Pope in this manifestly separates himself from Christ.<sup>2</sup>

All of which is sound, but ordinary theology, as well as plain common sense. To quote the famous letter, therefore, as evidencing anti-Papal tendencies, is the act of one who is either a bigot or a blockhead. What man in his senses would assert that a letter is anti-Papal which begins with the words, "Let your Discretion know that I am obedient to the Apostolic commands with filial affection, with reverence, and perfect devotion;" which continues with the words, "The Most Holy Apostolic See to which the Saint of saints, our Lord Jesus Christ, has given all manner of power (*omnimoda potestas*);" and which draws to a conclusion with the words: "Your commands are adverse to the holiness of the Apostolic See and contrary to Catholic unity. Hence, *like a good and obedient son* [who will

<sup>1</sup> P. xx.

<sup>2</sup> Serm. Rob. Linc. apud Brown, Fascic. ii. 254.

not obey his father to that father's prejudice], I decline to obey"? Whether Pope Innocent IV. had deserved this reprimand or not, we have no occasion to discuss here. But to assert that this letter is, in any sense of the word, unsuited to an "upholder of Papal Supremacy," is about as true as that right is left, or that light is darkness. The letter is in reality a magnificent testimony to Papal Supremacy.

This, however, is not the whole case. The outspoken epistle to Innocent IV., which has so endeared Grosseteste to Protestants, was, in fact, never written to the Pope at all. Strange to say, this most important point escaped the notice of Mr. Luard, yet none the less is it an absolute certainty. The mandate to induct Frederick of Louvain into the canonry at Lincoln came to Grosseteste through the Archdeacon of Canterbury and Master Innocent, the Pope's Notary; and to them accordingly, and not to the Pope, was Robert's reply addressed. It is true that Matthew of Paris<sup>1</sup> says that it was written to the Pope himself, and in Luard<sup>2</sup> it appears with the title *Robertus Lincolnensis Episcopus Magistro Innocentio domino Papæ salutem et benedictionem*.

This, however, is a grotesque blunder. No Bishop, and least of all the punctilious Grosseteste, would have sent even to a fellow Bishop, much less to the Pope, "health and benediction." The superior is not blessed by the inferior, nor is the Pope addressed as "Master." This is made evident by a collation of other letters of Grosseteste to the Pope,<sup>3</sup> and to other Bishops.<sup>4</sup> The Pope had, in his mandate, addressed his Notary and the Archdeacon as *Discretio Vestra*; Lincoln in his reply addresses his correspondents as *Reverendus dominus* and *Discretio Vestra*.<sup>5</sup>

All this was clearly pointed out by Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., in his review of Luard in THE MONTH for August, 1880, (page 600); and he added the obvious remark, that "a Bishop writing to a Papal official may use strong language which would be unbearable if written to the Vicar of Christ." One other argument, however, clinches the matter. The Burton Annalist<sup>6</sup> actually gives Lincoln's letter with the right heading: *Robertus, Dei permissione Lincolnæ Episcopus, Cantuariensi archidiacono*

<sup>1</sup> *Historia Anglorum*, vol. iii. p. 140.

<sup>2</sup> P. 432.

<sup>3</sup> Luard, pp. 123, 179, 248, 260, 328, 338.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 101, 120, 188, 297, 300.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 436.

<sup>6</sup> *Annales Monastica*. I. Mangan, Tewkesbury, Burton. Rolls Series, p. 311.

*et Magistro Innocentio, Domini Papæ Scriptori, salutem et benedictionem.*

This origin of the blunder is obvious. Matthew of Paris confused Innocent, the Pope's Notary, with Innocent the Pope. Grosseteste's famous letter to Innocent IV. is a myth which must now be relegated to the limbo of exploded historical blunders.

And now, in conclusion, may we be bold enough to put a question to the Reviewer? Was he ignorant of these facts, or was he aware of them? If he was ignorant of them, was he quite the kind of writer for a journal like the *Athenæum*? And if he was aware of them, would it be excessive to suggest that he was "playing it pretty low down" to the readers of the leading literary journal?

CHARLES COUPE.

## *Rus in Urbe.*

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### 3.—A WINTER EXHIBITION.

ONE touch of Nature, we are wont to remark, makes the whole world kin, and when the hand with which she applies the touch is unusually heavy, the most artificial of societies is apt to discover how frail is the barrier, seemingly impregnable, behind which it had fancied itself secure from the hardships and discomforts familiar to more primitive communities. An old-fashioned winter, for example, perhaps to justify its title, vigorously obliterates the tracks of modern progress, and revels in upsetting those arrangements on which we are accustomed complacently to congratulate ourselves. A heavy snowfall, besides setting traps up and down the country in which to catch railway trains, reduces London itself to a very passable likeness of Lapland, without the convenience of sledges and reindeer, so that locomotion becomes for a time well-nigh impossible. A severe spell of frost, bursting water-pipes and blowing up kitchen boilers, diminishing the supply of coal and so clogging almost all industries, stopping the building trade, and throwing out of work the legion of dock-labourers, makes our boasted civilization recoil upon itself, by withholding supplies just at the moment when they are most sorely needed.

Confining ourselves, however, at present to natural phenomena, a hard winter plays a double part in regard of wild life. On the one hand, especially when snow and frost come together, it is the most frightful scourge of our birds, and sweeps them off by thousands, marking an epoch in their history, much as the plague or the Black Death in our own. Those species which draw their sustenance from the bosom of the earth, whether in field or marsh or along the shore, are apt on such occasions to be almost exterminated. Some fifteen years ago, for instance, when three severe seasons came in succession, it was said by the natives, that but one pair of thrushes remained in a certain Yorkshire parish; while the peewits, in ordinary times so

common, as the sale of their eggs testifies, had received a blow from which it took them several better years to recover. Strangely enough, no birds suffer more on such occasions than fieldfares and redwings, which, finding our very temperate summer too genial and relaxing, push off to find nesting-grounds in the far north, even within the Arctic Circle. Yet, coming to winter here, they perish wholesale in a frost.

It is not, of course, to be expected that this aspect of winter's handiwork should be very visible in town, yet we can at least note that other building operations than those of our masons and bricklayers have been stayed by the hard weather, which has so tardily visited us. Sparrows—which vindicate their right to the scientific name *domesticus* by rearing families almost all the year round—had certainly begun to build during the mild spell after Christmas, and many of them doubtless found themselves encumbered with the care of eggs, possibly of young, when the glacial period set in. Starlings had perhaps got as far—they, too, are prone to rash and premature experiments—and had certainly paired. So, too, had rooks. The titmice in the parks had begun to indulge in the artless music which they consider appropriate to spring; while thrushes were of course in full song. All these birds, and many others, have been rudely recalled from dreams of domestic joys to the struggle for existence in its most cruel form.

But while thus destructive, a heavy frost has its compensations for the naturalist, there being nothing like famine for making the shyest of creatures forget their fear of man, and driving them to the regions of comparative plenty which his dwelling-places afford. Hence we have been able in such weather as has lately been experienced, to find opportunities for observation which we might look for in vain during many more genial seasons.

Winter has, in fact, treated us—and at a date when his force is usually supposed to be spent—to an exhibition, on a large scale, which might fitly be named the "Arcteries," illustrating the conditions of life in those wild regions which are peculiarly his own, and has used as the chief means for his purpose that very river to which London owes her existence as a great city, and which might seem to be of all streams on the globe the one most thoroughly broken to the service of man. That a river accustomed for so many centuries to lend itself meekly to all purposes of business and pleasure, should on a sudden assume

the character of those which flow into the Polar Sea, and for weeks together emancipate itself from human control, is one instance more of the wayward and indomitable character of what a distinguished soldier has lately termed the "unstable element" to which it belongs. As to the ocean, we are familiar with the truth that man's power stops with the shore; and, similarly, as to a river, he is impotent to regulate its behaviour between its banks, even though he convert these into embankments.

An acute and sympathetic American observer has remarked that in this old country the very land has put on a semi-human character, becoming a kind of domestic creature under the constant handling of generations of cultivators; and that it could no more revert suddenly to its condition of primeval wildness, than a shorthorn cow could become a buffalo. But with the waters that intersect this land it is otherwise. Though they have for as long a period served our purposes and done us yeoman service, they are ready at any moment for a revolt, and within a few months old Father Thames himself has twice become as unruly as an elephant, which, after years of docile and intelligent service, goes "must" and works havoc all around. Last autumn he indulged himself in a flood of unwonted magnitude, swamping villages and towns, driving householders to the garrets, like sailors in the rigging of a sunken ship, stopping railway traffic, and making large tracts of country impassable except in boats. There were wrecks and loss of life reported from meadows and country lanes, and gentlemen rashly venturing to wade across their own gardens, were in danger of drowning by stepping into forgotten trenches, or sinking knee-deep in flower-beds, whence they had to be extracted with ropes.

Recently the scene has entirely changed, and things have become not too liquid but too solid. Confining our attention to the reaches of the river between and below the London bridges, we have beheld a vast pack of ice-floes drifting upwards or downwards according to the tide, piers and bridges cased in ice up to high-water-mark, a solid "ice-foot," more than a foot in thickness in the sheltered portions of the bank, a few barges and lighters anchored drearily amid the pack, others broken from their moorings driving as derelicts with it, while venturesome boats'-crews attempted—not always successfully—to board them at slack water, or anglers on a large scale fished for them

with grapnels as they passed under the bridges. Traffic was virtually suspended ; at the turn of the tide those who loved adventure crossed on the floating ice from bank to bank ; and at low water huge floes, weighing several tons apiece, strewn about the fore-shore, gave evidence of the force and solidity of their fellows which jostled and jangled in the middle ; ocean-going steamers had to stop and be docked at Tilbury ; the craft in docks and cuttings looked like the pictures we are used to in histories of polar voyages ; and the ferry steamers about Greenwich gave up running, after taking an hour and a quarter over a trip timed to occupy five minutes.

The sight thus presented would have been sufficient of itself to attract crowds to view it, but its interest was greatly enhanced by the world of life which accompanied it. Seated on the ice-floes, as they drifted by, or flying above them, were thousands of seagulls, which, wild and wary as they usually show themselves, had in stress of circumstances become as tame as the denizens of a poultry yard, and, especially along the embankment, flew within arm's length of the spectators, being soon taught to expect no violence but only food at their hands, or else swam, as unconcernedly as ducks on a horse-pond, on the water close by, or, again, stood and even slept on the broad ledges below the parapet. Abundant provender was the result of their confiding behaviour ; of bread, indeed, they appeared to get even too much, and for creatures of their usual habits farinaceous food must have been rather unsatisfying. When, however, meat or fish was brought, there was a scene of wild excitement ; news of what was going appeared to spread with marvellous rapidity, and birds flocked from every quarter to fight and scream for the good things provided. Sometimes, it is said, they would even snatch a morsel from the fingers of their benefactors. Meanwhile it was not they alone that benefited. The London sparrow, with his usual sagacity, managed to secure a share of public charity for himself, and, stationed on the protuberance of a pier or buttress, appropriated the gleanings which there fell to him.

Much interest having been aroused by the birds which lent so characteristic a touch to the Arctic scene, it was but natural that discussion should have arisen as to the species to which they belonged. Undoubtedly the vast majority—in fact, all which we ourselves observed—were of the kind known to naturalists as *Larus ridibundus*, in English, the laughing or

black-headed gull, which latter name, it should be remembered, is not strictly correct, as the hood is never black, but dark-brown. Moreover, this hood is assumed only in spring and summer, not in winter, and though a few individuals on the river bore it, the great majority did not. Many, however, had markings indicating its future position, and it may be that some developed it while in our midst—for it is assumed very quickly, even within five days from beginning to end of the change, which is effected by the colouration of the feathers themselves, not by the substitution of new ones. The majority of the birds visiting us were in immature plumage, the young probably of last season, which displayed in flight bands of brown on the wings.<sup>1</sup> The species is perhaps most easily identified by its red beak and legs, by the black wing tips, and by its position on the water, when the wings form a sharp incline upwards towards these black tips.

It is but natural that this gull should be driven in by severe frost, as it is not one which finds its food in the open sea, but along the shore line, and even inland, where it consumes worms, snails, even moths, cock-chafers, and their grubs, all of which sources of supply must in such weather be cut off. Other gulls, such as the kittiwake, which live on small surface-swimming fish, are not similarly affected.<sup>2</sup> Besides the multitudes of laughing gulls were a few of the so-called common gull (*Larus canus*), which scarcely deserves its name, as it is not our commonest. These were young birds of last season much speckled with brown, distinguishable from the other species by their dark, yellow-tipped beaks, and brown "primaries," or long quill feathers of the wing.<sup>3</sup>

Other observers appear to have been far more fortunate than ourselves, as we find various other species reported in the papers, some of them very noteworthy. One correspondent, indeed, declared that the majority of the birds were kittiwakes, of which we could see none.<sup>4</sup> Others reported the herring-gull,

<sup>1</sup> The older birds have the back of a delicate grey, and the tail entirely white. Those that have not attained to mature plumage have the back mottled with brown, and a black band at the extremity of the tail.

<sup>2</sup> A case of laughing gulls in full plumage is to be seen in the large bird gallery of the National History Museum, near the middle of the room in a bay on the right. In the British room are several specimens illustrating the various stages of immature plumage.

<sup>3</sup> These are likewise seen in a case of the large bird gallery of the museum.

<sup>4</sup> The back of the kittiwake is considerably darker than that of the laughing gull. The adult bird has the beak greenish-yellow, the eye and feet dusky; the young,

a larger species, with pure white head and neck, yellow bill, and grey back, very common on our coasts. Another writer asserts that he saw "more than one Arctic skua," and the presence of such a bird would undoubtedly have added a new and interesting feature to the scene. The skua is a pirate gull, which lives on the toil of others. Singling out a victim, of a weaker kind, which has been successful in its fishing, he gives chase, and having something of the power of flight of a hawk, soon overhauls his prey. The pursued bird, to escape from the tyrant, disgorges the fish which had been swallowed, and the skua dashing down intercepts this before it reaches the water. The labour and trouble expended in this nefarious business would amply suffice the robber to make a more honest livelihood for himself.<sup>1</sup>

Still more remarkable is the reported observation of Ross' rosy gull (*Larus Rossii*), this being the rarest of our gull visitors, which has not been seen more than once or twice previously in our islands,<sup>2</sup> and though it is in the highest degree improbable that such an observation was correct, it should at least be mentioned that the assertion was made.

Besides birds driven inland by the frost, there are various records of others borne from the high seas by the storms which have there prevailed. Thus a storm-petrel ("Mother Carey's Chicken") was picked up in a yard at Blackwall, and died next day of the exhaustion which testified to the severity of its experiences. From Lincolnshire we hear of the capture of Brünnich's guillemot, a very rare visitor, whose previous known appearances in England might be counted on the fingers of one hand, and also of the little auk, a small oceanic bird, scarcely larger than a thrush, which dwells by choice far from the shore, but being heavy of body and not very strong of wing, is liable to be caught in a gale and hurried to uncongenial regions. Two specimens of this were sent to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, but they, too, died of exhaustion the day after their arrival. In the far north, as in the island of Spitzbergen, this bird breeds in incredible numbers.<sup>3</sup>

beak black, legs and feet greenish grey. These birds are exhibited in the museum in the same case as the gannets, in the room at the end of the large gallery. An old writer, Sir R. Sibbald, declares "the kittiweak is as good meat as a partridge."

<sup>1</sup> A case of Arctic (or Richardson's) skuas, with nest and eggs, is shown in the centre of the large museum gallery, a little beyond that of the laughing gulls.

<sup>2</sup> An excellent specimen is to be seen in the large bird-gallery of the museum.

<sup>3</sup> Specimens are seen in the museum, in the large gallery, immediately to the right on entering, and in the British room.

Its name at once suggests that of its distant cousin, the great auk, which has acquired so large an amount of fame and importance by becoming extinct.<sup>1</sup> To possess a skin, or even a cracked egg-shell, is the fondest ambition of collectors, and when one of the latter comes into the market, there are always to be found enthusiasts ready to pay over £200 to secure possession of it, so that could a single pair of the birds be discovered they would suffice to stock a farm of considerable value. About seventy of these precious shells are known to exist, and not quite eighty of the skins of the bird itself. It is needless to add that our noble museum has possessed itself of a full share of these relics, possessing two stuffed birds and two eggs. The latter, both considerably cracked, are not publicly displayed, but a fine series of casts—both in the large bird gallery, and, especially, in a cabinet of the British room—amply exhibits the various types of colour with they present. As for the stuffed specimens, one, from Labrador, is seen in the large gallery, in the wall-case to the right on entering; the other, from the Orkneys, in the British room. This one has an interesting history. Eighty-three years ago, a collector, Mr. Bullock, visited the island of Papa Westra in hope of procuring a specimen, and heard that a pair had long been in the habit of nesting there, that the hen bird, or queen, had recently disappeared, but that the king was still to be found. Determined to secure his majesty, Mr. Bullock engaging a boat with six rowers, set out to shoot him. The auk, as may easily be seen, is a bird about as large as a goose, with wings no larger than a man's hand, nor better adapted for purposes of flight. It would be as impossible for him to rise into the air as for a seal, and it might therefore be supposed that he would fall a helpless victim to a gunner so amply furnished with means of pursuit. As a matter of fact, however, after a chase of several hours, Mr. Bullock gave up the attempt in despair, concluding that it was hopeless to get a chance of shooting a creature to which the sea afforded so secure a refuge, the rapidity of its movements under water being inconceivable. He therefore returned home without his auk, but the poor bird was, not long afterwards, killed by the natives—how,

<sup>1</sup> The last representatives of the species appear to have been killed about fifty years ago. At one time this bird—otherwise called the garefowl—was abundant in some localities, especially off the coast of Greenland, and used to be slaughtered by boatloads at a time.

it is not stated—and sent to him. After his death it was bought for the British Museum.

The auk has led us into a digression, but it is not unnatural to make this mention of so remarkable a creature, of which we may truly say that the chief habitat at the present day is London.

Over and above the birds already mentioned, we must at least note the report that a pair of eagles has been seen over Westminster, though, here again, without in any way vouching for the correctness of the observation.

We must now return to the Thames itself, the main feature of our Arctic show. It must have struck many as remarkable, that though the cold experienced has been very considerably more intense than any recorded since careful observations have been made, and though the power of the frost has been exhibited on so large a scale, we are obviously far removed from the state of things that used constantly to prevail in the olden time, when the river above London Bridge was frozen solid and fairs were held on the ice. This cannot happen again. No frost, however severe, can cover the stream with ice strong enough to resist the mighty action of the tide, and each ebb and flow must break and grind it into those rounded blocks which in their whole configuration give evidence of the rough treatment to which they have been subjected. The reason of the altered condition of things is not far to seek. Formerly the river was wider, and the tide did not run so fast, and moreover, old London Bridge, removed about 1831,<sup>1</sup> acted as a dam and kept the water above in a state of comparative quiescence. Consequently a hard winter used to signalize itself in a fashion even more remarkable than we have witnessed.

Passing over more ancient instances of which the records are less exact, as the great frost in the sixth year of William Rufus (1092) and that of 1281, which extended from Christmas to Candlemas, we find that in 1564–5 the Thames was frozen from London to Westminster; in 1608 the ice was strong enough for a fair to be held upon it, though an unusually high tide caused much panic and some danger: in 1621–2 the surface was again solid. From December, 1683, to February, 1684, occurred a frost of remarkable severity, a village of booths was erected from the Temple Stairs to the barge-house at Southwark, and a fair held

<sup>1</sup> This bridge was originally built in 1176 and the following years, but had of course been considerably modified in the course of six centuries and a half.

for weeks together above London Bridge, with bull and bear baiting, football play, and other popular sports ; coaches plied on the river from Westminster to the Temple, and a printing-press issued poems and squibs, one of which makes allusion to an aspect of the natural history of the period :

Yea, to enhance my grief the greater fish o'repow'r  
The lesser ones, and daily them devour :  
Thus, since there is no other food to find,  
Unkindly do they feed on their owne *kind*,  
Great sholes of *fry* beside for want are spread,  
Some here, some there, some sick, the most are dead.

Then after some very uncomplimentary remarks on the weather, which suggest the idea that London fogs were in great vigour, the writer concludes :

Up o're the *ceiling* we great *thunder* hear,  
Which strikes the very sturgeon into fear.

King Charles himself visited the scene and allowed his royal name to be printed at the press.

In January, 1709, people crossed the ice from shore to shore. The winter of 1715-16 seems to have been a repetition of that of 1683-4, and we are told of the "solid rock of ice." In 1739-40, for the third time, an ox was roasted whole on the ice, the person who claimed the hereditary right to act as butcher on the occasion—an office which his father and himself had previously exercised—coming to his work in a rich-laced cambric apron, with a silver steel, and a hat and feathers. At the conclusion of this frost there was a very sudden break up of the ice, and a *sauve qui peut* ensuing, a good deal of property was abandoned. Other severe winters were those of 1767-8 and 1784-5. In 1788-9 there was another fair ; many thousand people crossed from the Tower Wharf to the opposite shore, a young bear was hunted, and the inevitable printing-press made its appearance. On this occasion the ice cut the cables of two vessels lying at the Old Rose Chains, and drove them through the great arch of London Bridge, where their masts becoming entangled in the balustrades both were broken and many persons hurt. The captain of a vessel off Rotherhithe, fearing a similar misfortune, had his cables passed into a public-house and fastened to the beams within, but the result was to pull down the building, killing five persons in their beds. At the end of this frost there was again a sudden collapse of the ice and panic of its frequenters. The last Thames fair was held

in 1813-14, when regular footpaths were laid down with cinders, especially between Blackfriars Bridge and Three Cranes Wharf. Numerous illustrations, one by Cruikshank, have recorded the boisterous humours of this scene, with its village of booths, drinking-saloons, merry-go-rounds, and printing-press.

In 1826, Hunt's "Matchless Blacking" van, drawn by four blood horses, was driven across the Serpentine. This might safely have been done again this year, when a battalion of the Guards, eight hundred strong, put the ice to a far ruder test; but, as has been said, the Thames can never again be the theatre of performances such as have been mentioned. In one respect the visitors congregating recently on its surface had the advantage of those of former times: they were no wise surprised by the very sudden termination of the frost. On the evening of Sunday, February 17, before our weather prophets had divined the approaching change, and while the cold was still keen, a multitude of gulls suddenly rose in the air, as though by a common impulse, and made off towards the coast. Within twelve hours the thaw commenced. This final exhibition of the strange powers of instinct is not the least interesting or suggestive of the spectacles which the birds have afforded to those who have befriended them in their distress.

RURICOLA.

### *Israel Agonistes.*

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Let me go, for it is break of day. . . . I will not let thee go except thou  
bless me. (Genesis xxxii. 26.)

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"I WILL not let thee go except thou bless."—

So the rapt Patriarch spake in days of old :

And, wrestling, did till morn the Angel hold—

In guise of hate, hiding true tenderness.

England ! a Spirit thou could'st ne'er suppress,

Darkling, in thralldom's night thou didst enfold ;

But, lo ! 'tis break of day.—Say, wert thou told

That, in thy struggling captive's dire duress,—

Reft of all else—of freedom, wealth, and power—

Lay shrined—by persecution purified—

A gem more bright than, in thy loftiest hour,

Shone, in a crown of world-encircling pride,

Since Henry led thee from that only way

Lit with the promise of eternal day ?

FREDERIC LOCKE O'CARROLL.

*A Sonnet for March.*

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STRENGTH of the Church by thy paternal care,  
Master and pupil of the living Word,  
Chaste guardian of the Mother of the Lord,  
Be thou before thy Son our potent prayer.  
Remembering Him, shield us from every snare  
That threatens children's feet ; as once His ward  
Be ours ; and to our lisping lips afford  
A pattern of sweet speech. As thou didst fare  
Into an alien land, with patient feet,  
Leading the Holy Virgin and her Son  
Beyond the reach of murderous alarms,  
Lead us from mortal ill. For us entreat,  
Who didst desist from toil, the course well run,  
Supported by the everlasting arms.

JOHN GRAY.

## *A Catholic Noble Family.*

### II.—THE PRESENT LORD CLERESBY.

THE world having been pleased to declare that it would hear somewhat more of Ludovic and the Mavourez family, I crave its indulgence while I preface my further chronicle with a little necessary genealogy. I take the following particulars of the present generation from Debourke, with sundry additions and omissions of my own.

#### CLERESBY, Baron (Mavourez).

Issue of *Reginald*, sixteenth Baron Cleresby (1798—1860), and Catherine Bridget (1805—1856), daughter of Terence Ignatius O'Neill, Esquire, of Castle Kildyke, County Tipperary.

1. JOHN Cajetan Gideon, born 1827, present and seventeenth Lord.
2. Hon. THERESA Mary Immaculata Rose, born 1829. A Carmelite nun at Urgel in Spain. In Religion, Sister Mary of Jesus.
3. Hon. KENELM Philip-Neri Gideon, born 1830. Was a colonel in the army of the Duke of Modena. Married 1870, Hedvig, daughter of Prince Schwarzenstein-Lüthing-Gmundberg and has issue :
  - (1) ADRIAN Charles-Borromeo Gideon, born 1871.
  - (2) Mary CECILIA Adelgunde, born 1872.
  - (3) RICHARD Paul-of-the-Cross Gideon, born 1874.
  - (4) PEREGRINE Francis-Xavier Gideon, born 1875.
  - (5) Mary ISABELLA Scholastica, born 1878.
  - (6) Mary BEATRICE Mechtildis, born 1879.
4. Hon. and Right Rev. MAURICE Stanislas-Kostka Gideon, born 1832. Archbishop of Cappadocia *in partibus infidelium*.
5. Hon. and Very Rev. EVERARD Vincent-de-Paul Gideon, born 1834. A Friar of the Order of Preachers, and Prior of the Convent of the Assumption at Laubach in Tyrol.
6. Hon. CATHERINE Mary Annunziata Clare, born 1837. Married 1857 the Marchese Gian Carlo di Serravalle, Vice-Maestro del Sacro Ospizio at the Vatican (seats, Rome, Frascati, and Pistoja).
7. Hon. HUMPHREY Alphonsus-Liguori Gideon, born 1840. A Major-General in the Carlist army.
8. Hon. ESMÉ Francis-Borgia Gideon, born 1840. Aide-de-camp in the Carlist army. Killed at the Battle of Llajos, 1875.
9. Hon. LUDOVIC Aloysius Gideon, born 1846. Author of the *Vita Intersectorum Regum*.

} Twins.

*Creations.*—Baron, 1463. Baronet of Nova Scotia, 1640. Count of the Holy Roman Empire, 1507.

*Arms.*—Sable, a chevron between three roses argent, barbed and seeded proper.

*Supporters.*—Two greyhounds, or, collared and unguled azure.

*Crest.*—An arm in armour embowed proper, couped at the shoulder grasping a broken spear.

*Motto.*—La Foy et le Roy.

*Seat.*—Cleresby Castle, Lincolnshire.

*Town Address.*—Royalist and Turf Clubs, S.W.

I have said that life has changed for me since first I knew the Hon. Ludovic Mavourez (pronounced *Mavvers* be it remembered), and this is no mere sentimental flight of fancy; acquaintance with him has wrought the most considerable havoc in the ideas of my well-ordered and equable mind. Enthusiasm, except of the antiquarian order, I had carefully reasoned out of my existence. Nor did I believe, or think it possible to believe, in the existence of a pure, unselfish, refined, religious or political enthusiasm. But now I have to admit that all this exists in a most exalted (and attractive) degree in Ludovic and his chivalric and devout brothers.

Then again the mere acquisition of utterly new facts is sufficiently disturbing to the fairly well-stored middle-aged mind, and my experience of the last few years leads me to believe that even the modern historians so approved by the reviewer for their frigid impartiality and judicial freedom from bias, have absorbed and remembered only the facts relating to their pet predilections. For instance, I know the events of the French Revolution tolerably well, but owing to confining myself carefully to "standard" works on the subject, the incidents of the War of the Vendée were until recently of the shadowiest to me, and I do not think I could have repeated the name of a single Royalist chief (unless it were perhaps Larochejaquelein). And yet this war is the supreme event—at least the supremely just and heroic event—of the epoch. Again, I had my notions as to what might be England's national misdemeanours in the present century, but when General Humphrey Mavourez gravely told me that the support given by Englishmen to the Christinos of Spain, would one day bring down on us the awful retributive justice of Heaven, I had to acquire a multitude of new facts and to consider a chapter of European history which "standard" authors have preferred to leave unwritten.

And so I might go through a whole cycle of stirring events

that the powerful prevalent liberalism of the day seems, almost by occult means, to hide from general observation.<sup>1</sup>

When first I came to know something about the Mavourez of to-day they struck me as being singularly un-English; the present generation are almost all in service of foreign princes, or are ecclesiastics in foreign countries. Of Ludovic's brothers and sisters, Kenelm was a colonel in the Modenese army, Maurice is an Archbishop *in partibus* and attached to the Holy Office of the Inquisition at Rome, Everard is Prior of a Dominican Convent in the Austrian Province, Humphrey got his title of general in fighting for Don Carlos, and Esmé was killed in the service of the same prince. Theresa is a Carmelite nun in Spain, and Catherine, married to the Marchese di Serravalle, was for a time lady-in-waiting to an exiled Queen.

And yet in spite of all this, it would be more correct to say that the Mavourez are a curious survival of a type of Englishman once more plentiful, of the pure-minded knightly and pious Cavalier and Jacobite, of the days when a King was the central fact and interest of his kingdom, when loyalty was literally a sacred duty, because the Divine right of the monarch was an article of religious belief. What work is there for such men to do in the smug England of the Revolution settlement? The service of some prince who can and does lay claim to rule by right Divine, seems a sort of necessity to this remarkable family, and they argue that by such service they are fighting in the only effective fashion for the broad cause of religion and order.

I have not yet mentioned the present Lord Cleresby. Time was when none of the family ever mentioned him except in their prayers. It seems that almost every generation of Mavourez has its rake, who, purchased perhaps by the prayers of the rest of the family, has as often as not died an austere penitent. Young Lord Cleresby, who performed such prodigies of valour in the cause of Charles I., was the wildest of the wild Cavaliers, a friend of Goring and Suckling, and even of Tom Lunsford, and yet he ended his days in severe penance in the same Dominican cloister as the reformed Colonel of the Lambs.

The present Lord Cleresby was the rake of this generation, and by all accounts a pretty bad rake too, for the Mavourez

<sup>1</sup> "Monsieur le Comte," cries Joseph de Maistre somewhere, "il y a maintenant un grand secret européen à mettre dans tout son jour; c'est l'art avec lequel les novateurs ont su . . . mettre la gloire et l'honneur du côté des idées nouvelles et le ridicule du côté des vieilles maximes."

are not of the stuff to compromise with either virtue or vice. His was a great name on the lower grades of the turf. I think that the way that I first came definitely to know that there was such a person as a Lord Cleresby, was in constantly observing some such entry as this when skimming my *Standard's* summary of news: "At Kempton Park yesterday, Lord Cleresby won the Strawberry Hill all-aged welter selling handicap cup with Bonnie Prince Charlie, Mr. Grapnor's Cosmic Emotion being second, and Captain Claypole's Parson Trulliber third."

Lord Cleresby's was also a well-known figure at Monte Carlo. Strangely enough—or perhaps not strangely—good luck always seems to wait upon the Mavourez rake, and Lord Cleresby made racing and gambling pay to such an extent at least as not to squander the slender resources of his barony. There must indeed have been a very considerable over-plus to have borne the princely prodigality of his style of living.

When a man springing from a highly refined stock sinks into the Tophet of fast life (and it seems more especially the case with the historic aristocracy), he usually descends to the uttermost depths. Lord Cleresby's tastes were of the lowest. His conversation reeked of the stable, the ring, and the music-hall *Coulisses*. Jockeys were his friends and boon companions, and all sporting men remember the hard slogging of the "Cleresby Chicken" whom he brought up from Lincolnshire. He shunned the gilded halls of the Palaces of Song, and had his permanent box at two or three second-rate music-halls. Even shady subscription balls offered no attractions to him, but he danced like a boy at those recondite clubs which, in the purlieu of Soho, enjoy a brief and violent existence until strangled in the strong grasp of the Chief Commissioner. He scattered money like water, and on all sorts of worthless and pernicious objects, but I ought in justice to record, that in the torrent, tempest, and as I may say whirlwind of this life at high pressure, he preserved his great natural good-nature, and to the end was as prodigal of his bounty as of his oaths.

He was pointed out to me once in Piccadilly driving a superb mail-phæton with a pair of spanking bays that dashed along in the perfection of form. "There goes that old rip, Lord Cleresby," said my companion. And a very striking looking rip he was. The grizzled man of fifty with all the vivacity of a scapegrace of eighteen; the family oval face, sallow complexion, blue eyes and perfect features, but there was something

almost grotesque—if it had not been for the pity of it—in the way his appearance, which should have been that of a preux chevalier, had been made inglorious by a slight sideward cock of his hat and the pronouncedly horsey cut of his coat. But with all this what a contrast he was to the common, *fade*, saffron-haired, brutish-looking creature who sat by his side.

All society remembers how some years ago—it was the year after he had won the Derby—this apparently confirmed *vaurien* left England and joined the severe Order of the Trappists in Natal. Very many garbled versions of the affair appeared in the society papers at the time, and the marvellous in it gave occasion to some very fine flights of journalistic wisdom and satire. I am in a position, as our correspondent says, to give the facts exactly as they happened.

Towards the beginning of that year, Lord Cleresby had an attack of amblyopia, which speedily developed into amaurosis, and he completely lost the sight of both eyes. The devout and anxious Ludovic thought that the long-sought opportunity of converting his brother had at length come to pass. His faith is of the sort that moves mountains. "If I can but induce him to come to Lourdes," he thought, "our Lady will certainly cure him in consideration of the great merits of my ancestors and all they have suffered for Christ's Church; she will give him back the eyes of his body and at the same time restore his spiritual sight, and all will be well." Lord Cleresby had by a kind of conscience avoided his brothers' society; it was years since he had spoken to Ludovic. I who know so well my sweet friend's charm of manner can understand how he surprised and subdued his brother. It needed less persuasion to move him than Ludovic had supposed, and they started together for Lourdes. They arrived on a 30th of April. The town was very full of pilgrims, for the month of May is consecrated by the Roman Church to the Virgin Mary. Lord Cleresby does not need the kindly help of the *brancardiers* and *hospitaliers* who meet their train, but taking Ludovic's arm they walk straight to the Hotel de l'Immaculée Conception.

The news was soon rumoured abroad that a great English lord had come blind of both eyes, and that he was going to bathe on the morrow. So when early the next day Lord Cleresby and Ludovic left the hotel to walk to the grotto, they were the objects of much curiosity and comment, and when they

disappeared into the *piscina*, a large expectant crowd gathered and awaited their reappearance.

In an hour or so the two brothers came out arm in arm, Lord Cleresby looking dazed and bewildered, Ludovic with the tears streaming down his cheeks. "My brother is completely cured," he said to those near him, and the word was passed along the crowd. "A miracle! a miracle!" was the exultant shout. "*Vive Notre Seigneur Jésus Christ! Vive Notre Dame de Lourdes! Vive Marie Immaculée!*" Shouts and cries of all sorts rose up as the crowd parted to let the two brothers enter the Basilica. There Lord Cleresby heard Mass for the first time for thirty-five years.

In the evening he went to confession for the first time for thirty-five years (it must have taken him a long while to make that confession), and then he joined with Ludovic in one of those wonderful torch-light processions for which Lourdes is so famous.<sup>1</sup> There was a large pilgrimage from Brittany there at the time, and so it followed that the song most affected by the procession was the sonorous and stirring *Catholique et Breton toujours*. But there was another hymn which must have deeply moved both Ludovic and his brother.

Je cède à ta voix triomphante  
O Jésus, mon Maître et mon Roi!  
Honteux de ma vie inconstante,  
C'en est fait : je suis tout à toi.

*Refrain.*

Marchons au combat, à la gloire,  
Marchons sur les pas de Jésus ;  
Nous remporterons la victoire  
Et la couronne des Elus. (*Bis.*)

Pourquoi languir dans l'esclavage?  
Pourquoi trainer des fers honteux?  
Régner au ciel et le partage  
Du chrétien brave et généreux.

Marchons, &c.

<sup>1</sup> "Every one has a torch, a candle enclosed in a paper sheath to protect it from the wind. On the paper is stamped in blue and white the figure of our Lady. As the candles are lighted the crowd becomes simply a sea of light, or rather a sea of stars. It looks as if all the stars had come down from heaven and gathered there to honour the Queen of Heaven. At half-past seven the word is given to march, and from one point in that sea of stars a thin streak or band of light appears to emerge as we watch it from above, and this band gradually spreads up the zigzag path leading to the Basilica, until there is a zigzag stream of moving stars marching in curious zigzag pattern up the side of the hill. But these stars do not twinkle silently. They are very noisy stars indeed. Loudly through the evening air rises the sound of the hymns they are singing, all keeping time as best they can in their distant lines." (*Lourdes and its Miracles*, p. 67. By the Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S.J.)

O ciel, O ma belle patrie !  
Pour toi, je veux vivre et mourir ;  
Pour toi, tous les jours de ma vie,  
Pour toi, jusqu' au dernier soupir.  
Marchons, &c.

Lord Cleresby's resolution was practically taken at the instant of his wonderful cure. He had been a grievous sinner ; he had just fallen into the hands of the living God by a mercy more appalling than any chastisement ; a life of the severest penance alone could make some amends for the length of his evil days : he would join the Abbé de Rance's reform of the Cistercians. He returned to London, showed himself to the dumbfounded specialist who had been attending him, went into a ten days' retreat at Manresa House, and then, with his brothers Kenelm, Humphrey, and Ludovic, started for Rome, there at the feet of St. Peter's successor to implore forgiveness for the notorious and scandalous life which he, a Catholic nobleman, had been leading in a Protestant country. And then, *via* Brindisi, he started for Natal, and entered a Trappist monastery up-country as a simple choir-brother.

This, in brief, is an unvarnished account of what took place. It is fully recorded in the *Annales de Lourdes*, it is attested by the resident physician of Lourdes, and what makes it incontrovertible to me as a statement of fact, I have it from the mouth of the purest and noblest gentleman in England.

Whether it was miraculous or not, I do not determine, preferring however the open mind of the philosophic pyrrhonist to the dogmatic scientist's sweeping and narrow-minded denial of the possibility of all miracle. Ludovic, with true Christian wiliness, had armed himself with a certificate—dated 28th April—of the celebrated oculist who had his brother's case in hand, stating that Lord Cleresby was suffering from "incurable amaurosis," and he holds also a certificate of the same eminent authority dated 16th May, certifying that Lord Cleresby's sight was then sound and normal. "I cannot understand it," said the specialist. "Since his lordship has been cured in this sudden way, he must have been suffering from some form of hysteria ; amaurosis will often result from hysterical affections." True enough, I believe, but there was just a touch of gentle scorn in Ludovic's voice as he repeated to me the learned scientist's explanation of this marvellous event.

I have passed over the first fifty-five years of Lord Cleresby's

life because they were worthless, and I must pass over the end of his days because neither I nor his brothers know anything about them. He never writes ; perhaps it is against the rule of the Order ; perhaps he wishes to die utterly to that world in which he had lived so unprofitably. Only once has there been news of him : when one of the Fathers of his monastery came to England on a begging mission. Then his family learned that Brother Romuald (for so he is called in Religion) was the marvel of all by his great fervour, his austerity, his recollection in prayer, his humility, and the cheerfulness with which he performed the most menial tasks. They are not likely to hear of him again until the news of his death puts an end to the interregnum now existing in the Barony of Cleresby.

The present Lord Cleresby was of course never married. It has very seldom been the case in the last two hundred years that more than one of the family has been married at the same time. Just as a priest needs to be free from the care of wife and child the better to devote himself to the service of his spiritual family, so the sons of Cleresby Castle have foresworn love and marriage for the service of kings. In Jacobite days there was constant coming and going between England and Rome, and England and Paris ; there was an every day chance of death on the field or scaffold : loyal men needed a free hand and no incumbrances. But many a time, no doubt, some Mavourez stripling in the hot tide of youth must have had a heavy heart when "a' for the rightfu' King,"

He turned him right an' round about,  
Upon the "English" shore,  
An' ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,  
With, Adieu for evermore, my dear,  
With Adieu for evermore ;

and parted from the first vision of love,

Never to meet again, my dear,  
Never to meet again.

The Mavourez brothers waited patiently and anxiously in celibacy till Lord Cleresby was forty-five. As he had only become more and more confirmed in his dissolute ways, it was then decided that one of them must marry for the sake of continuing the family. This "duty" fell without question to the heir-presumptive—or as he might now quite safely be called the heir-apparent—the Hon. Kenelm Mavourez. He married

a daughter of Prince Schwarzenstein-Lüthing-Gmundberg, the well-known leader of the Bavarian Ultramontanes, and has three fine sons, stripling editions of their uncles, and three daughters.

The Hon. Kenelm I have seldom seen. Since Lord Cleresby's retirement from the world, he lives almost constantly at Cleresby Castle, scrupulously and carefully husbanding and supervising the estates against the day when he, or one of his sons, shall enter into possession of them. He is a kindly, stout-hearted gentleman, somewhat more phlegmatic and distant than his brothers, but he spoke with delightful enthusiasm and veneration of his erewhile lord and master the Duke of Modena, whom he characterized as "the indulgent father of a thankless family," and when that Prince was forcibly deprived of his dominions, Colonel Mavourez was foremost in urging that most wonderful of protestations—a thing which actually came to pass—the voluntary exile of the whole of the Duke's little army as a protest against the violence done to their sovereign.

A marvellous thing indeed is loyalty, and great are the wonders it has wrought. I thought the virtue dead or dying from the hard knocks it has received in the past hundred years, but Ludovic tells me that the faithful still number in thousands, that there is indeed a handful of them in England, the land that was the first to tread the downward path. He believes, too, that men, wearied of their waywardness, instructed perhaps by the unmistakeable finger of God, will return some day with new and eager ardour to the virtue which alone, he says, can ennoble and purify our civil and political life. All which things I lay to heart and ponder and marvel over, but can determine nothing, nor answer either yea or nay.

MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.

## Reviews.

### I.—DICTIONNAIRE DE LA BIBLE.<sup>1</sup>

THE completion of the first volume of the Abbé Vigouroux's great *Dictionnaire de la Bible* will be hailed with satisfaction by all students of the Sacred Scriptures, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. The work is scholarly and well up to date, and from a typographical point of view leaves nothing to be desired. Considering the nature of the contents, it is by no means expensive, and it is more thorough and wider in scope than either Schenkel's *Bibel-Lexikon* in German, or the new edition of Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* in English. The great drawback to its utility is the slowness with which it is issued, but that is, we suppose, inevitable. The first fasciculus, A to Ain, appeared at the beginning of 1891, the seventh and latest completing the letter B, in the month of January of the present year. M. l'Abbé Vigouroux has not yet, so far as we have observed, ventured to commit himself to any estimate of the number of volumes to which the work will extend. A and B, no doubt, are both exceptionally prolific letters, but even if we suppose that they represent one-sixth of the material of the entire Dictionary, it is easy to calculate that at the present rate of progress twenty more years will be required for its completion. Before that epoch arrives, the bibliographical references of the earlier volumes, not to speak of the substance of the articles, will be hopelessly out of date, and it will already be time to issue a new edition.

The seventh fasciculus which we have now before us contains the prefatory matter to the first complete volume. This includes the text and translation of the Holy Father's late Encyclical, *Providentissimus*, a suitable introduction to a work of this nature, together with a Preface, eloquent without being

<sup>1</sup> *Dictionnaire de la Bible*. Publié par F. Vigouroux, Prêtre de St. Sulpice, avec le concours d'un grand nombre de collaborateurs. Fasc. VI. Beck-Bigamie, Fasc. VII. Big-Bythner. Paris : Letouzey et Ané, 1895.

grandiose, from the pen of Mgr. Mignot, Bishop of Fréjus. L'Abbé Vigouroux himself only adds a preliminary notice, defining more closely the scope of the work; but we think our readers may be grateful to us if we call attention here to one or two particulars to which he gives prominence.

The object of the Dictionary, he tells us, is to illustrate the text of Holy Scripture by the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and by the labours of scientific scholars of the present day in all the fields of learning which bear upon the subject. Its aim is not apologetic, still less controversial. The discussion *ex professo* of modern infidel theories does not enter into the editor's plan, although, as he truly says, many of the ever changing hypothesis of recent years will find their refutation indirectly in the information supplied by the Dictionary. Besides the general and special articles which necessarily find a place in such a work, we may remark that a large share of space is allotted to the commentators upon Holy Scripture, every deceased scholar of note whose labours have served even indirectly to illustrate the Sacred Text, having an entry to himself. Thus in the last issue we find a short biographical notice and bibliography of Brugsch Pascha, who died as recently as September 9th, 1894. A good deal of information is also given about the most celebrated editions and codices of the Bible, and several full-page facsimiles of these latter form one of the most attractive features of the volume before us. Indeed of all the illustrations, an important item in a work of this character, it may be said that they are admirably executed. Moreover, instead of falling off in number and artistic merit, as not unfrequently happens in such cases (the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* might be cited as a conspicuous instance), the illustrations in the more recently published fasciculi of the work under review seem to us to be notably in advance of the earlier issues.

If we may venture on a criticism, it would seem that the articles bearing on Assyriology and the kindred sciences are not quite on a level with the rest of the work. The bibliography of the subject is fairly complete, but here, as sometimes elsewhere, little attempt is made to distinguish between authorities which are really valuable and those that are worthless. Again, to take one little instance that readily catches the eye, it is hard to see why such a mutilated specimen of an inscribed brick as that depicted on page 1,930 should be chosen to illustrate the

article on that subject, seeing that there are hundreds of perfect specimens belonging to other reigns preserved in our principal museums. Moreover, we are assured, that the transliteration which is given below it would be accepted by no modern Assyriologist, still less the translation which follows. However, these are but minor blemishes, from which few works of this general character are exempt, and we strongly commend M. l'Abbé Vigouroux's Dictionary to our readers as a desirable addition to every Catholic library of even moderate pretensions.

We may join to this review a brief notice of a new map of Palestine,<sup>1</sup> by MM. Legendre et Thuillier, which comes to us from the same Parisian publishing house. Although it owes a good deal to the publications of the English Palestine Exploration Fund, a debt of which full acknowledgment is made, it offers these results to the public in a cheaper and more convenient form than any with which we are acquainted. Besides the large map of Palestine, measuring about 40 in. x 26 in. (we refer to the engraved part of the map, exclusive of the margin), in which all the modern and ancient names are inserted and distinguished with admirable clearness, the vacant corners are skilfully utilized to give a plan of Jerusalem, a plan of the environs of Jerusalem, and a small map of the Sinaitic peninsula. We are passing no mere compliment when we say that all Catholic students of the Holy Scriptures owe a debt of gratitude to MM. Letouzey et Ané for these handsome and scholarly publications.

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## 2.—THALHOFER'S LITURGIK.<sup>2</sup>

It must be a subject of regret to all who are interested in liturgical studies that the late Dr. Valentine Thalhofer did not live to complete the elaborate work upon the ritual and ceremonial of the Church, which Messrs. Herder are publishing as part of their Theological Library. We are far from thinking that the *Handbuch der Katholischen Liturgik*, even where the author was able to put the finishing touch to his labours, leaves

<sup>1</sup> *Carte de la Palestine Ancienne et Moderne.* Par A. Legendre et L. Thuillier. Scale 1 : 400,000. Paris: Letouzey et Ané.

<sup>2</sup> *Handbuch der Katholischen Liturgik.* Von Dr. Valentin Thalhofer. Second Edition. Vol. i. part i. Bearbeitet von Dr. Adalbert Ebner. Freiburg: Herder, 1894. 362 pp. Price four marks.

nothing to be desired. It is a compilation which will not bear comparison with the original and scholarly investigations of Dom Suitbert Bäumer and Dom G. Morin; but none the less Dr. Thalhofer brought to his task a wide acquaintance with the researches of older writers, an orderly ground-plan to work upon, and a great share of diligence in combining his materials. The second part of the second volume, edited in 1893 by his disciple and successor, Dr. Andrew Schmid, from the author's lecture notes, shows us that we have lost much by his inability to complete his work on the lines he had laid down for himself. The comments upon the liturgy of the Mass in vol. ii. part 1, do not make any notable advance upon older writers; the chapters which follow, upon the history of the Breviary, are not as satisfactory as the useful little volume of the Abbé Batiffol which preceded it in date of publication, and they will surely be superseded by the important work which Thalhofer's own publishers, Messrs. Herder, promise us from the pen of the late Dom Bäumer. But the other miscellaneous topics which were included in the author's design, notably the treatment of the Ecclesiastical Year from a liturgical and historical standpoint—as opposed to the devotional exposition of Dom Guéranger—together with a full discussion of the Sacraments and Sacramentals, are matters which we very much desire to see included in one compendious treatise and dealt with by an author as competent as Dr. Thalhofer. Let us hope that the design, which is vaguely foreshadowed in the Editor's Preface, may take shape, and that he or some other will take up the original scheme and give to it the development which it deserves.

In the meantime we must not be ungrateful for the re-issue, under the able editorship of Dr. Adalbert Ebner, of the part of the work first completed, the instalment originally given to the public more than twelve years ago. The subjects here dealt with are all introductory in character: the nature of worship in general, and of the worship of the Catholic Church in particular, the formal object of worship, the relation of the Christian Church to her Head, Jesus Christ, and many similar topics important for the pastor of souls to understand, and useful to him in his preparation for the pulpit. The new edition is certainly in many respects an improvement upon the old. There is still, it seems to us, a good deal too much theorizing of a rather unprofitable kind. Liturgy—*absit invidia verbo*—is a little

like heraldry, a science to be mainly treated of in the concrete, and not in the abstract. However, this fault is the fault of the original, and it was hardly within the competence of an editor to change the character of the work entrusted to him. What he has added, however, seems to us good and to the point. In one respect particularly the book has received very substantial improvement. It now possesses a really serviceable bibliography of the works of the chief liturgical writers, brought up to date. It is not equally satisfactory for all periods, and in the eighteenth century we mark with surprise the absence of such names as those of Zaccaria and Cancellieri; but in this matter the book owes much to its new editor, and this feature alone would suffice to make the re-issue a desirable acquisition. We may, therefore, congratulate Dr. Ebner on the work which he has performed, and we venture to express a hope that the new edition will not stop short with this instalment, but will continue and complete the whole undertaking on the scale which Dr. Thalhofer originally projected.

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### 3.—THE MISSION OF KIANG-NAN.<sup>1</sup>

According to the latest census of the Apostolic Vicariate of Kiang-Nan, China, the Mission extends over two provinces of the Empire, Kiang-Sou and Ngan-hoei. In the former there are 601 Christian communities with 98,179 Christians, in the latter 138 communities with 8,094 Christians, altogether 106,273 Catholics with 9,642 catechumens, who are under the care and direction of 118 Jesuit Fathers and 18 secular priests. Considering the large population of the Chinese Empire, these numbers are but small and insignificant, and show by themselves the great difficulties under which the Catholic missionaries in China must still labour. Many of the Catholics are descendants from the old converts of the last centuries, when the Jesuit missionaries had a great influence at the Imperial Court in Peking by their learning and scientific works, and were able to protect the spreading of the Gospel in the provinces. But that mighty influence is now gone, and it requires great efforts and energy on the part of the missionaries to renew and continue the work so happily begun in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

<sup>1</sup> *Ouvres de la Mission du Kiang-Nan*, 1893, 1894. Zi-ka-wei: Typographie de la Mission Catholique, Orphelinat de T'ou-sè-wè.

The foreign missionaries are considered by the educated classes as Western barbarians, who are not acquainted with the civilization and literature of the Celestial Empire, and consequently have but little influence on the higher classes of the people. It is therefore a great pleasure to notice the fact, which raises great hopes for the future, that the missionaries at Zi-ka-wei, near Shanghai, have started again the literary work in support of the mission, and from the "*Catalogus librorum venalium in Orphanotrophio Tou-sai-wai, Zi-ka-wei, ex Typographia Missionis Catholicæ, 1889,*" we learn what grand and good work they have already accomplished. The Catalogue contains two hundred and twenty-one works (which can be had from Kelly and Walsh, Shanghai, or from Ernest Leroux, Paris), chiefly devotional, ascetical, and apologetical, for the use of the missionaries who have to instruct and teach the children in the schools and to prepare the new converts. But besides there are some works of standard value, which well deserve the attention of Oriental scholars for their scientific interest. First we notice the "*Cursus Litteraturæ Sinicæ Neo-Missionariis accommodatus (sermone latino explicatus), auctore Patre Angelo Zottoli, S.J., mission. Nankin,*" in five large volumes of 700—800 pp. each, arranged according to the plan of studies used in China, with the Chinese text, explanation of the words and grammatical constructions in footnotes and opposite Latin translation. It is a scholarly edition of the most useful works which help the Chinese students to prepare for the various examinations, and European scholars can hardly find a better work to help them to acquaintance with the mind and thought of the Chinese *litterati*. Then we are glad to find that many works of the old famous Jesuits, whose names are familiar to every one who has read about the Chinese missions, have been reprinted in the Mission Press. Amongst others we may mention Father Matthew Ricci, the founder of the Chinese missions, *Vera de Deo doctrina, decem paradoxa sacra et moralia*; Father Joseph de Prémare, whose Chinese grammar has been as manuscript in the hands of all the old missionaries, and has been printed in the beginning of this century by Protestant missionaries, and is still considered as one of the best grammars of the Chinese language worth reprinting, as author of the *Vita S. Josephi*; Father Emmanuel Diaz, *Commentaria in Evangelia Dominicanum ac præcipuorum totius anni festorum*, eight vols., *Decalogi explicatio, Inscriptio Si-ngan-fou, Libellus*

*aureus de contemptu mundi*, Thomas à Kempis; Father Moyra de Maillac, *Annus sacer seu vitæ Sanctorum*, four vols.; Father Ferdinand Verbiest, *De remuneratione boni et mali*, *Rudimentorum fidei ordinata expositio*; Father Dominic Parennin, the Lives of St. Stanislaus Kostka and of St. Aloysius; Father Francis d'Entrecolles, *Explicatio orationis Dominicæ*, *Verba fidelium aures percellentia*; Father Julius Aleni, *Catechismus quatuor litterarum metris explanatus*, *Vita D. N. Jesu Christi*, two vols., and many other works of the Fathers Rho, Noël, Couplet, Lobelli, de Gravina, Brancati, Buglio, Soerio, Pantoja, &c. Besides, several Chinese priests have undertaken to write useful works on apologetical subjects, so we find amongst the authors in this Catalogue the Fathers Andrew Tsiang, Francis Chen, Petre Hoang, Lawrence Ly, Stephan Siu, &c. By such a literary activity, the knowledge of the Gospel will be spread far more widely among the educated classes, and will help a great deal the work of the missionaries, who labour chiefly amongst the poorer people. Even periodical publications have been started; there is the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, published monthly, with 2,900 subscribers, and the journal *I-wen-lou*, published twice a week, twelve pages, with 1,135 subscribers, which make known to the natives the work of the missionaries. Lately a series of learned dissertations on Chinese subjects has been begun under the title *Variétés Sinologiques*, which are intended rather for European scholars and will be highly appreciated, as they contain scientific matters of great interest, which are nowhere else accessible in Europe. Six numbers of these have now been published, which do great credit to the learning of their authors: 1. *L'île de Tsong-ming à l'embouchure du Yang-tse-kiang*, by Father Henry Havret; 2. *La Province du Ngan-hoei*, by the same; 3. *Croix et Svastika en Chine*, by Father Louis Gaillard; 4. *Le Canal Impérial*, by Father Dominic Gandar; 5. *Pratique des Examens littéraires en Chine*, by Father Stephan Siu; 6. *Tchou Hi, sa doctrine, son influence*, by Father Stanislaus Le Gall.

By such monographs the learned missionaries are able to communicate to European scholars the immense riches of Chinese literature on particular subjects and questions, and so to raise an interest in their historical researches and their apostolic labours even amongst scholars outside of the Church. These efforts certainly deserve our sympathy and every encouragement, as they are the best means of making the

names of the apostolic labourers more respected, and obtain access for them to those who otherwise might easily despise the Western barbarians, as the Chinese, even after all the reverses of the war, still like to call the Europeans.

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4.—ORCHIDS.<sup>1</sup>

*Orchids*, by Lelia Hardin Bugg, is a novel of what the French are fond of calling *le hig-life américain*, and is largely concerned with the history of an American heiress, who after a disappointing engagement with an impecunious English nobleman finds consolation for her troubles in the sacrifices of the cloister. It is with some little trepidation that we venture to express an opinion upon this story, for the authoress, in an anticipatively indignant epilogue, throws down the gauntlet to her future reviewers, and considerably saves them the trouble of criticism, by criticizing the novel herself. We must confess we are rather sorry for the tone of the epilogue in question. In the first place it confirms the idea which the book itself suggests, that Miss Bugg, instead of throwing herself into her story, has her critics in view all the time, and is writing *at them*. And secondly we suspect, that her tirade is likely to provoke a much harsher tone of criticism than the novel really deserves. For the book on the whole is a work of good promise, and rises very much above the average of the Catholic fiction which comes to us from across the Atlantic. The dialogue is generally natural and bright, though sometimes there is overmuch of it, the transitions are easy, and the characters are not too stiff in the joints—a good sign in a first novel. The picture of the two girls at the French convent school, with which the book opens, has many skilful and truthful touches, and though we are sometimes oppressed by the writer's too self-conscious effort to be smart, we find many passages, whether original or imitated, which are decidedly happy in their phrasing. Take such a sentence as the following: "The moment her eyes lighted on the mysterious, gorgeous, wonderful flowers (the orchids), their costly beauty appealing to the love of the unattainable implanted in the feminine breast since Eve, the idea which had been in mental solution so long was suddenly precipitated." We have a fancy that we remember something

<sup>1</sup> *Orchids*. A Novel. By Lelia Hardin Bugg. St. Louis, Mo.: Heider, 1894.

similar in one of Howells' works, but Howells is a good model to imitate, even though Miss Bugg can hardly afford as yet to gratify her inclination to copy him or his countryman, Henry James, in their devotion to psychological analysis and their utter and contemptuous indifference to plot.

Miss Bugg, in the epilogue referred to above, deprecates "the savage zest" with which the sarcastic critic pounces upon misplaced *wills* and *shalls* and other linguistic trifles. But even at the risk of incurring her scornful indignation, we venture to protest against the extreme unconventionality with which she, or is it her printer, deals with the not infrequent scraps of French which occur in her pages. Within a page of the sentence just cited we meet with the following, all printed without even the danger-signal of italics: "the novelty of a *tete poudre fete*, the unlimited scope of a *ball masque*," "opalescent *crepes*," "a lovers' *tete a tete*," "the caterers had been given *carts blanche*," *i.e.* to make the entertainment as costly as they pleased; and a little further on we read, this time with an accent, of "the rather *passé* daughter of a bankrupt peer." However, these are blemishes which may easily be corrected, and the better qualities of the book, the lifelike truthfulness of its descriptions of character, the high moral tone which is not goody-goody, very much outweigh its shortcomings. We think that Miss Bugg will do well to try again.

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#### 5.—OUR CHURCH MUSIC.<sup>1</sup>

The little pamphlet entitled *Our Church Music*, is an energetic pleading for the use and development of the strictest form of music in our churches. Its object is a good one and will enlist the sympathy of all lovers of ecclesiastical music. But the main question is left exactly where it was, and while an earnest and effective lance is levelled against the frequent and glaring faults that mar the use of modern figured music, we cannot but think that not sufficient recognition has been allowed to Art. 4 of the late decrees of the Congregation of Rites. What we need is not so much partisan pleading, as the views of one who, while following the Church closely in her special love and approval of the Gregorian chant, would act as a temperate and

<sup>1</sup> *Our Church Music, what it is and what it should be.* London: Catholic Truth Society.

judicious guide to us in the use of that music which beyond any doubt is, and to all appearances will for many years remain, the more attractive of the two to the general mass of our people. When Reunion has arrived, and Canterbury has acknowledged her filial duty to Rome, when, in other words, men and money can be had, then we may begin to think seriously of rivalling in the perfection of our music the choir of the Sistine chapel or of the Cathedrals and Colleges of our own land. To think of doing so at present seems to us a dream. But with the general drift of the little pamphlet most will concur.

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*Literary Record.*

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I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE great German firm of B. Herder are extending the range of the English publications issuing from their branch establishment of St. Louis, Mo. We have recently received from them a small parcel of new books containing two prayer-books, a couple of volumes of sermons, and a novel. The prayer-books hold the balance evenly between the two prominent Religious Orders of the United States. There is a Jesuit *Vade mecum for Colleges, Academies, and Societies*, and there is a Redemptorist *New Mission Book*.<sup>1</sup> Of the two, our respect for truth obliges us to proclaim that the Redemptorist book is much the more handy to use. It opens well, and although the paper is thin and occasionally too transparent, it is clearly printed. Its contents are stated to be "drawn chiefly from the works of St. Alphonsus," and it begins rather oddly on the first page which follows the title and *imprimatur*, with a table of the "principal events" in the life of the Saint. Much space is devoted to the Examination of Conscience before Confession, and in some delicate matters we note that a good deal of skill is shown in the wording. On the other hand, we should be much disposed to question the advisability of some things, printed where all may read them, in the examination for particular states of life. Neither do we think it wise to give a detailed catalogue of "annulling impediments" to matrimony, including

<sup>1</sup> *The New Mission Book* of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

even "adoption" and "public decency," where, from the compass of the work, adequate explanation is necessarily impossible.

The *Vade mecum*,<sup>1</sup> which is a fifth edition, contains no doubt primarily the devotions found practically useful in the Sodality meetings for which it is intended. Its most characteristic feature is a collection of hymns with the music. Of these there is a large choice, and they seem to be well selected.

*Short Sermons for Early Masses*<sup>2</sup> is a collection of discourses for all the Sundays of the year, translated from the German of Pfarrer G. Wolfgarten. The sermons are good practical sermons of a rather mediæval type, and they are fairly well translated. Here and there, however, we come across things which would at least sound oddly in the ears of an educated congregation, *e.g.*, "Are you then, O man, a steam-engine, which can work day after day all the year round and finally wears away?" "This even the revolutionary men of France in the last century perceived," &c. ; or, "Agelundus, the King of the Longabards, was walking on the shore of Lake Comer."

We are glad to find that the works of Father Grou seem to be coming more and more into favour on both sides of the Atlantic. The edition just issued by Benziger Brothers of the *Characteristics of True Devotion*,<sup>3</sup> edited by Father Frisbee, S.J., is as neat in appearance as it is both practically useful and skilfully translated. It is a little volume which will repay repeated perusal, and in this handy form ought to have a large sale. Father Frisbee, in his interesting little Preface, tells us that there have been forty editions of the book in French and four different English translations.

The late Bishop of Linz, Mgr. Rudigier, well known in Germany for his success as a preacher and a public speaker, has published a series of meditations on the life of St. Peter,<sup>4</sup> specially adapted for the use of priests. The meditations, by the exercise of some little ingenuity in developing the data furnished by the New Testament, are made to cover a great deal of ground, and there are few priestly duties which are not

<sup>1</sup> *Vade mecum for Colleges, Academies, and Sodalities*. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. St. Louis, Mo.: Herder, 1894.

<sup>2</sup> *Short Sermons for Early Masses*. From the German of the Rev. G. Wolfgarten. Two vols. Freiburg: B. Herder, 1894.

<sup>3</sup> *Characteristics of True Devotion*. By the Abbé Grou. New York: Benziger Bros., 1895.

<sup>4</sup> *Francisci Josephi Rudigier, Episcopi Linciensis, Vita Beati Petri, Principis Apostolorum*. Edit. F. M. Doppelbauer. Freiburg: Herder.

directly or indirectly touched upon. The Latin in which these lessons are couched is clear, forcible, and even eloquent, and the book is a marvel of cheapness.

Father Rouvier's name is well known in France for his very successful essays in hagiography. His latest venture supplies a want, and gives us in one volume excellent Lives of the Canonized Saints of the Society of Jesus,<sup>1</sup> which are well illustrated. But of the illustrations anon. The Lives are written with care, and are drawn apparently from the latest and best authorities, though the author gives no bibliographical notice of his sources. To the English reader, the Lives of St. John Francis Regis, of St. Peter Claver, of the three Martyrs of Japan, as those which are less known, will probably present the most interest. But even such old friends as the Lives of St. Ignatius, of St. Aloysius, of St. John Berchmans, will be read with zest, because written with such freshness and power. Here and there we might notice a slight matter which will deserve consideration in a future edition. Thus the *Flores Vitæ Sanctorum* could hardly have been read by St. Ignatius on his sick-bed (p. 12), for it is the classical work of his disciple and biographer, Ribadeneira, then unborn. And at p. 94, the mother of St. Stanislaus is confused with the wife of another John Kostka, Sophia de Sprowo of the house of Odrowâz, who brought into the family the blood from which St. Hyacinth had sprung. The illustrations are numerous and on the whole well chosen. Some are of particular interest as subjects never before published, such are the rapier of St. Ignatius (p. 15), the views of Prasniz and Rostkow (pp. 293 and 295), in the Life of St. Stanislaus, and the parish church of Prasniz where the Saint was baptized. But here and there a mistake occurs, as at p. 173, the "Garden of the College of Majorca," surely a misnomer; and again at p. 451, where the "Casa de la Provincia," the County Council house of Palma, is given as "the Jesuit College where St. Alphonsus Rodriguez was porter;" and at p. 271, the "Castel d'Uovo of Naples" figures as the "Isle of Capri." But perhaps one has more reason to complain of the re-publication of so many of Messrs. Brewer's exquisite and learned restorations which appeared in Stewart Rose's *Life of St. Ignatius*, new edition, without any acknowledgment of the source from which they come.

<sup>1</sup> *Les Saints, Confesseurs, et Martyrs de la Compagnie de Jésus.* Par Frédéric Rouvier, S.J. Lille, Paris: Société de S. Augustin, 1893.

Perhaps the most striking fact recorded in the account of the Little Sisters of the Poor<sup>1</sup> is the rapid increase of their houses (pp. 315, seq.), when we remember that it was so late as 1840 that the first poor woman was received by the heroic peasant girls of St. Servan, the little mustard-seed from whence this mighty tree has grown. Mrs. Ram's work, coming at the time when the death of the first Superioress-General and Foundress of the Congregation and the retirement of Abbé Le Pailleur mark the first epoch of this wondrous work, has a special value. It is written in a very readable and pleasant style, and with a method that carries you on without effort, yet leaves the chief dates and the general progress of the foundations clearly impressed on the mind. The authoress tells most graphically what are the trials of these gentle guardians of a very difficult and many-coloured flock, and if she writes with a well-deserved enthusiasm, no one could join the ranks of the Little Sisters after the perusal of this work and yet complain that the darker shades of the picture had not been put in. Still nothing could fire a generous soul more readily to embrace Christ Crucified in the person of His poor than these moving and graphic pages. We can but regret in her devotion to the Little Sisters that she has allowed herself to speak as she does of another Congregation, equally sanctioned by Holy Church and equally deserving of our respectful admiration. As in so many other facts in Church history, it is easy to take a violent side and to forget that circumstances of a delicate kind are not usually the property of the public; and that few there are so fully informed as to be able, even though they were called upon to do so, to pass upon them a correct and unbiassed judgment. This is the only blot in so excellent a book. And we most earnestly hope that the last chapter may specially bear fruit in bringing to the notice of those whom God has blessed with plenty the many ways in which they can succour a work so glorious and so meritorious as that of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

The most recent volume of the Oxford Historical Society<sup>2</sup> has a very special interest at this moment. Though ideas are subject to constant change, and the experience of one year is

<sup>1</sup> *The Little Sisters of the Poor.* By Mrs. Abel Ram. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1894.

<sup>2</sup> *Reminiscences of Oxford by Oxford Men. 1559—1850.* Selected and edited by Lillian M. Quiller Couch. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1894.

no criterion for the habit of mind of Oxford undergraduates in another, yet in order to trace the spirit of the place through various periods, no plan could be better conceived than to collect the impressions of the typical young men of different times. Miss Couch has made a very remarkable selection of over thirty names of persons varying in every way, and their accounts of University life give a very fair impression of post-Reformation Oxford. Bodley, Laud, Hobbes, Evelyn, Coleridge, Shelley, Oakeley, Southey, these are a few of the witnesses, and they are selected almost at random.

Perhaps to a Catholic the memoir of Canon Oakeley, borrowed from these pages, will prove the most interesting. His recollections of his early days at the University were the reverse of roseate, and possibly explain why to some of the converts, a period of life which is generally looked back to with such delight is clouded with unpleasant memories. Gibbon and Shelley, for very different reasons, bore but little love to their *Alma Mater*, and we see plenty of traces of ancient abuses and of sad decline of serious learning in the eighteenth century. The rowdiness of older days lived a luxuriant life well into the years recorded in the pages of the work before us. But whatever the faults, we see one of the two great schools of England's greatness, and the arena where her future heroes learned to know themselves and the rising statesmen and soldiers and scientists, now of historic fame.

The enterprising Paris publisher, P. Lethielleux, has issued an admirable collection of the utterances of His Holiness Leo XIII.,<sup>1</sup> in reply to the various addresses presented to him on the occasion of his Episcopal Jubilee. The addresses in many cases are given entire as well as the answers returned to them, and an excellent Index enables the reader to refer without trouble to these most valuable pronouncements of the Holy Father on the many various questions which in some way had been touched upon by the different deputations. The documents have all been translated into French, and this neat and well-printed volume ought to have a large sale in every country of the Christian world.

A fourth edition of Professor Jungmann's *Tractatus de Vera Religione*<sup>2</sup> comes to hand, and witnesses to the popularity of the

<sup>1</sup> *SS. Leon XIII., Paroles de Jubilé.* Paris: Lethielleux, 1895.

<sup>2</sup> *Institutiones de Theologia Dogmatica Generalis. Tractatus de Vera Religione.* Auctore Bernardo Jungmann. Editio Quarta. Ratisbonæ: Pustet, 1895.

course to which it belongs. It is sad to learn at the same time that death has removed from us one who possessed so admirably the art of clear theological and historical exposition.

We may most cordially recommend *The Household Poetry Book*,<sup>1</sup> edited by Sir Aubrey de Vere, and published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, at the low price of one shilling. It contains over three hundred pages of excellent verse, ranging from Chaucer to Tennyson and Cardinal Newman. The editor's name may be accepted as a guarantee for the judgment and poetical insight with which the selection has been made. We have only one objection to make to it, and that is, that Sir Aubrey de Vere has included only a single specimen of his own poetry.

*The Flower of the Flock*,<sup>2</sup> written by Maurice F. Egan, is a volume of stories which comes to us from across the Atlantic. American and English ideas are not always quite agreed as to what is the kind of story desirable for young people, but we can say conscientiously, that the volume before us could not be objected to by the most scrupulous of parents, and that it is decidedly above the average of most collections of similar purport that are sent to us.

*Ursel*,<sup>3</sup> the first of these stories, originally appeared in THE MONTH, and those who remember it will be glad to see it again in a more permanent form, especially as it is now published in company with eight other stories well worthy of its companionship. The authoress has a decided power of telling a story, and knows how to arouse interest, without having recourse to excitement, by the reality and humour of her conversations. Most of the stories are Scotch, or perhaps we should rather say, Scotch-Irish, and it is evident that the leading characters are drawn from the life by one who has seen them around her in her Lowland home. The Scotch dialect with its attractive quaintness is well given, and perhaps many readers of the little volume, particularly young readers, will be thankful to find always in brackets the meaning of the more difficult Scotch terms; though for our own part we are inclined to resent anything which tends to destroy the illusion of reality. *Ursel* is

<sup>1</sup> *The Household Poetry Book*. Edited by Aubrey de Vere. London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>2</sup> *The Flower of the Flock, and other Stories*. By Maurice F. Egan. New York: Benziger, 1895.

<sup>3</sup> *Ursel, and other Stories*. By Frances Maitland. London: Catholic Truth Society, 1895.

a half-crown volume, and will make a very suitable present. It is no discredit to the other stories published by the Catholic Truth Society, to say that this particular one is not surpassed by any of them.

Mr. Fletcher, Assistant Keeper, Department of Printed Books, British Museum, occupies the pages of the *Portfolio*, of October, with an eminently readable and careful account of the art of book-binding in France.<sup>1</sup> The coloured reproductions are marvellous.

A fresh edition of Mr. Pennell's magnificent and indeed classical work on Draughtmanship, has so much which is new, that it deserves a notice.<sup>2</sup> Whether the author is right in assuming that pen drawing is a new art, is for others to decide. The book shows, however, the perfection to which technique has been brought in pen drawings in our days, and the influence of processes upon that art.

George Romney,<sup>3</sup> the Lancashire painter, had somehow been forgotten. But now that his merits are so fully acknowledged, he has found an excellent biographer. In truth, there is not very much to be told. The scandal about his married life seems to have been baseless, for he was a good and religious-minded man, but overclouded by depression, which ended in madness. The selection of representative paintings is admirable, and poor bashful George appears from his own hand, broad-browed, melancholy, and full of interest.

A carefully written and illustrated catalogue<sup>4</sup> of so precious a collection as that of the Accademia delle Belle Arti is always a useful companion to the sight-seer, and a pleasant remembrancer to those who have already seen the collection. Mr. Keary furnishes us with such a volume.

The head librarian of the University Library of Ghent has given a collection of nearly half the printers' signs employed by Belgian printers at home or abroad.<sup>5</sup>

The title of Mr. Muybridge's work is sufficiently startling to the unlearned.<sup>6</sup> But Zooproxography is only the art of photo-

<sup>1</sup> *Book-binding in France*. By William Y. Fletcher, F.S.A. (The *Portfolio*, October, 1894.)

<sup>2</sup> *Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen*. By Joseph Pennell. London, 1894.

<sup>3</sup> *George Romney and his Art*. By Hilda Gamlin. London, 1894.

<sup>4</sup> *A Catalogue of the Accademia delle Belle Arti at Venice*. By E. W. Keary. London, 1894.

<sup>5</sup> *Marques Typographiques des imprimeurs et libraires des Pays-Bas*. Two vols. Ghent, 1894.

<sup>6</sup> *Descriptive Zooproxography*. By Edward Muybridge. Pennsylvania, 1893.

graphing objects in motion. The little book gives a detailed description of the elaborate machine invented to produce the interesting results with which the Zooproxograph enables one to reproduce perfectly the action and motion of a horse in a race, or a performer in the circus. There is too much, however, of the advertisement in the volume.

Another large work on the art of binding in the present century,<sup>1</sup> copiously illustrated, by M. Beraldi, goes to swell the list of works on the same subject.

## II.—MAGAZINES.

We have received from Sir "Eizak" Pitman a parcel of his publications, from which it appears that a somewhat serious schism is at present dividing the advocates of spelling reform. He has started a new journal, *The Speler* (the ferst tu nümberz, for Janiueri and Februeri, ar redi) but the *Phonetic Journal*, foar weeks in sükseshon, haz dekleind the advertizment; and his Fonografik Improovments hav for the prezent to be abandond. He is, however, hopeful for the future, on account of the greater simplicity of the suggested changes. "The Improovments nót oanli sweep away the sekond sein (the LEFT kürvz, hukt inishali), büt the larj huks ov the *f* seriz aulso, which nesaserili folod on the yus ov the old *f*, *vl*, az *fr*, *vr*." He concludes with an appeal. "Teecherz ov Fonografi! Give the Improovments a fair treial. Reit the niu steil for a mün'th, and aul opozishon wil sees."

Articles in recent numbers:

The ÉTUDES. (February 15, 1895.)

The Engineer and his Social Mission. Anonymous.

M. Zola's *Lourdes*. (III.) Father Hte. Martin, S.J.

The Position of the Pope. (II.) Father H. Prélôt, S.J.

Bossuet as a Man of Letters. Father G. Longhayne, S.J.

Syriac MSS. from the Nitrian desert. Father H. Lammens, S.J.

Bulletin of Social Science. Father P. Fristot, S.J.

The Advance of Socialism in the Chamber of Deputies.  
Father P. Fristot, S.J.

*Miscellanies and Reviews. Chronicle.*

<sup>1</sup> *La Reliure du XIX siècle.* Par Henri Beraldi. Première Partie. Paris, 1895.

THE CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (February 16, 1895.)

The Encyclical to the Hierarchy of North America.

Religious Instruction at the present day.

The Pelasgic Hittites in Cyprus.

Church and State.

Ricordo Materno (a Tale).

*Reviews. Scientific Record. Chronicle.*

REVUE CATHOLIQUE DES REVUES DES DEUX MONDES.

No. I. (January, 1895.)

Analysis of Articles from the *Études, Revue des Deux Mondes, Revue Historique, Revue Philosophique, Irish Ecclesiastical Record, Cosmopolitan, Stimmen aus Maria-Laach, Ciudad de Dios, Rassegna Nazionale*, &c.

*Reviews. Biography.*

REVUE DES QUESTIONS SCIENTIFIQUES. (January, 1895.)

Prehistoric Antiquity. M. A. Arcclin.

The Pigmies. Father Van den Gheyn, S.J.

The Antwerp Exhibition. Father Van Tricht, S.J.

Sleep and Hypnotism. Dr. Sarbled.

Theology and Science. M. de Kirwan.

Genius. M. l'Abbé de Baets.

Belgian Coalfields. Father Schmitz, S.J.

Coal. G. S.

*Bibliography. Reviews. Obituary.*

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1st Quarter, 1895.)

N. Nilles, S.J., On the Formula used by Boniface VIII.: "In scrinio pectoris sui."

M. Gatterer, S.J., Blessed Guerricus of Igny and his Sermons, a study in homiletics.

M. Morawski, S.J., The Pontius Pilate Clause in the Apostles' Creed.

*Reviews and Notes*, among which we may call attention to two valuable contributions of Father Grisar, one on Beissel's *Vatikanische Miniaturen*, the other on Lanciani's *Forma Urbis Romæ*.

DER KATHOLIK. (February, 1895.)

E. Goerigk, John Bugenhagen, and the spread of Protestantism in Pomerania.

Dr. A. Bellesheim, Cardinal Steinhuber's History of the Germano-Hungarian College in Rome.

D. Rattinger, S.J., The Mediæval Coadjutor-Bishops of Mainz.

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